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B E R M U D A
PAST AND PRESENT



Walter Rutherford
ROYAL PALMS, STRAIGHT AND STURDY COLUMNS.

BERMUDA

PAST AND PRESENT

SECOND REVISED AND
ENLARGED EDITION

By

WALTER BROWNELL HAYWARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms.

THOMAS MOORE

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1933

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To
MY FATHER

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

It is believed that this book is sufficiently comprehensive to serve as a valuable guide to the Bermudas, now such a popular resort for American travelers who desire to exchange the rigours of our northern winter for blue skies and a balmy atmosphere. All points of interest, picturesque, historical, legendary, have received ample attention, while the reader is brought into contact with the characteristic pleasures of Bermuda life, the government and resources. In narrating the story of Bermuda's development from a proprietary settlement founded by the Virginia Company to a progressive colony with sound institutions, self-government and strong individuality, emphasis has been laid upon events which reveal the close historical bond existing between the islands and the United States. Heretofore this community of interest has received scant treatment from writers, much to the regret of American visitors; indeed, all the dramatic incidents of Bermuda's part in the Civil War have been totally neglected, possibly because they are hidden in long-forgotten documents and personal narratives. It is hoped that repetition of some of these historic events

will stimulate interest among Bermudians with regard to matters which were stern realities to the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation. The author has freely consulted Lefroy's "Memorials"; Williams's "History of Bermuda"; "The Bermuda Islands," by Addison E. Verrill of Yale University; George Watson Cole's "Bermuda in Periodical Literature," a bibliography; "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion," diplomatic correspondence of the period, and other documents issued by the governments of the United States and Bermuda. To many Bermudians, notably the Honourable Joseph Ming Hayward of St. George's, and Mr. Thomas M. Dill, M.C.P. of Devonshire, is the author indebted for valuable facts and the elucidation of obscure points.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

BERMUDA Past and Present was published in 1910; a revised edition was issued in 1923; now for a second time the book has undergone extensive revision and expansion. The record has been amplified and a picture of the "new Bermuda" presented. The years — particularly those of the last decade — have wrought astonishing changes in Bermuda. To her shores has flowed an increasing tide of visitors. She has become a familiar playground — almost a week-end playground — for Americans on holiday, and an international centre of scientific research; she is destined to become an oceanic airport for travellers flying the Atlantic. Once isolated, her isolation is completely gone. Once relatively unknown, she is now widely known. She has felt the impact of modern life, yet she remains conservative, holding firmly to her British heritage and to fundamentals which have stood the test of time.

In his task of revision, the author has been aided by many friends, and he desires particularly to acknowledge the kindness of the Honourable S. S. Spurling, C.M.G., O.B.E., M.C.P. of St. George's; Sir Henry W. Watlington, O.B.E.,

M.C.P. of Devonshire Parish; Mr. E. A. McCallan, director of the Bermuda Agricultural Station; Mr. F. C. Misick, M.C.P. of Sandys; Mr. Louis L. Mowbray, Curator of the Bermuda Aquarium; Mr. Eldon H. Trimmingham, M.C.P. of Pembroke; Professor Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton University, President, and Dr. J. F. G. Wheeler, director of the Bermuda Biological Station for Research; Lieutenant-Commander H. B. Moorhead, R.N., director of the Bermuda Meteorological Station; the Misses Rosalie and Lilian H. Hayward of St. George's, and Dr. James H. Kimball, meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau at New York.

December, 1932.

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B E R M U D A
PAST AND PRESENT

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

YOU sail from New York in a southeasterly direction, traverse the warm and restless Gulf Stream, and in less than two days reach that spot in the North Atlantic where

“The remote Bermudas ride
In Ocean’s bosom unespied.”

You are prepared for a creation in miniature if by chance some one has told you that the Bermudas were built by marine animals and the winds upon the peak of a submarine mountain, and in truth you find a tiny oasis, a clump of refreshing green, in a waste of shimmering water. And it seems, after due reflection, that Nature in her infinite goodness must have set these islands apart as a way-station for distressed mariners and clothed them in pleasing garb for the benefit of the traveller whose mind and eyes seek new perspectives.

Andrew Marvel chose a singularly appropriate phrase when he wrote in bygone days of the “remote Bermudas.” Seven hundred nautical miles separate them from their chief neighbour, New

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York; five hundred and sixty-eight miles they lie from Cape Hatteras, the nearest point of the North American continent. Few islands are more supremely isolated, but their remoteness from other land is counterbalanced by their proximity to important trade routes, and so they constitute in the scheme of geographical distribution a haven of refuge for those who follow the sea and often are buffeted by elemental forces.

Bermuda, to use the shorter term, calls to the deep, and its call extends also to shores whence men sail for pleasure. It has much that is quaint and beautiful to offer them. An archipelago of a hundred odd islands and rocks—less than twenty square miles in all—standing amid clear water of exquisite hues; a place of fair skies and sunshine and flowers, blessed with an equable and salubrious climate, untouched by fog or frost, and wholly free from tropical fevers—such in brief is Bermuda. On shore fairy-like scenery, caves of crystal, limestone roads white as bleached linen, curious trees and shrubs; in the water, gardens as luxuriant as those which take their life from the soil, and a host of fishes, all coloured to correspond with the submarine growth which gives them food and a home.

Nature has given Bermuda a wealth of varied pictures and enhanced their charm by a setting

of repose. One cannot fail to be impressed by this distinctive characteristic. You leave ice, snow, dirt, noise, bustle, the glitter of wealth, the sordidness of poverty, all the elements that combine to make the fascinating yet wearisome turmoil of New York, the Western metropolis, and in forty hours you find yourself in a pure and balmy atmosphere, a silent restful land, where modern progress has yet to remove the rust of antiquity and obliterate ideas of old-fashioned simplicity.

The contrast does not end here. In Bermuda the effort to live is not hurried; you eat, drink, take your pleasure and perform your daily task in a normal manner. No factory whistles awaken you each morning, no chimneys pollute the air with pungent smoke; you are not the victim of milling street crowds or traffic jams, or red and green lights—feverish symbols of the Machine Age. Therefore you are bound to move deliberately, however rebellious your northern blood may be at first; but in the warm sunlight there are seductive germs of indolence, and to these you succumb. And it is better so, for, having succumbed, you assimilate Bermuda's worth and, incidentally, let its reposeful atmosphere assimilate you.

It is therefore not difficult to understand why the colony is recommended especially to the person

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who is tired and nervous, run down in body and mind. Its tranquillity is soothing, and furthermore it is remarkably free from repellent blemishes. That is to say, Bermuda does not offend the senses. It looks prosperous, — well groomed, so to speak, — and its people seem contented. You may travel through each of the nine parishes and fail to observe a single case of distressing poverty; neither will evidence of great wealth be apparent. Extremes rarely meet in Bermuda. Let it be said to the credit of this British colony, now three centuries old, that its poorest children are not ill-fed; that its humblest inhabitants do not live in filth and degradation, such as we of the cities know; and that even in homes where the absence of money is felt most keenly, the hand of hospitality is extended to the stranger.

Because it is genuine, native hospitality is perhaps the colony's most wholesome social asset. The American visitor especially feels its influence, but let him not gain the impression that the welcome he receives is actuated by the dollars which will fall from his pocket. No, his welcome has a deeper significance, to understand which he must turn back the pages of history and read of the days when Bermudians and Americans alike, all of the same blood, were struggling for a foothold on unfamiliar soil.

When one co-ordinates and balances Bermuda's enchantments he finds them sufficient for all. To the health-seeker are given bright surroundings and a genial climate; to the holiday maker the pleasures of life in the open; the artist lives among a wealth of suggestive material; botanist, zoölogist, and biologist in a natural treasure house; while before the geologist lies an open book of rock, telling its tale in stratification and fossilised remains. And even the philosopher will find interest in tracing reasons for the spirit of contentment which distinguishes this little community.

CHAPTER II

DISCOVERY

ONE cannot fail to observe in Bermuda a wider reflection of English life than is presented in the average British colony, and one does not seek far for the reason. Of pure English stock, the first settlers were obliged only to accommodate themselves to strange conditions and climate. Neither they nor their descendants were compelled by force of circumstance to depart from English ideals and customs, or to share their island home with alien races. Bermuda, in fact, has always been under British rule; never for a day has another flag waved over its fortifications as an emblem of dominance.

Though England's control proved irksome and often tyrannical, particularly when the islands were exploited by a company of adventurers, only a few of the colonists found it desirable to seek a more congenial land. So the Bermuda of to-day is composed largely of families bearing the pioneer names, and each has its traditions, which form a part of the colony's history.

Because Bermuda never passed from flag to flag, like many islands of the West Indies, its

history can offer no tales of the old sea-fighters who roved the Caribbean in a malevolent manner and never lost an opportunity to loose their guns. Nevertheless, there is a certain element of romance in the discovery of the islands and their subsequent neglect by the superstitious mariners who constantly passed and repassed them yet failed to land.

Bermuda's name is taken from Juan de Bermudez, a Spaniard, who anchored his ship, *La Garza* (the Heron), within gunshot of the land in the year 1515. It is possible that he may have discovered the islands on a previous voyage, for they appear on a map published by Peter Martyr in 1511. Bermudez was carrying home to Spain Gonzales Ferdinando d' Oviedo, a distinguished historian, who wrote a brief account of his visit, the earliest description extant. He speaks of the "Island Bermuda, otherwise called Garza," as the furthest of all "that are found at this day in the world," but fails to indicate whether Bermudez had touched there before. Foul weather prevented Oviedo from landing hogs and exploring the islands as he had intended, and he sailed away with vivid recollections of the strange antics of myriads of seabirds, which found pleasure and food in the chase of flying fishes.

Not until 1527 was a plan evolved for the

settlement of the islands. In that year Hernando Camelo, a Portuguese, received a commission from King Philip of Spain to found a colony, but there is no evidence to show that he made use of his grant. Possibly Camelo was deterred by imaginary tales of evil which even then may have circulated regarding the islands. It is certain that such sailor's yarns — they were nothing more — passed from mouth to mouth in later years. In substance, they depicted Bermuda as an enchanted place, inhabited only by the spirits of darkness; a land visited frequently by tempests, thunder, and lightning, and bordered by hidden rocks, to approach which invited destruction. Thus it was that commanders of homeward-bound Spanish galleons gave the islands a wide berth, even though they followed the Gulf Stream to their latitude before laying an easterly course.

These fables of supernatural inhabitants may have been concocted by buccaneers who possibly desired an undisturbed retreat on the Isles of the Devil, as Bermuda was popularly called, or they may have originated on account of disasters. At all events, the remnants of wrecks were observed when man settled in Bermuda, and there was found a mute token of an ancient inhabitant — probably a castaway — on the south shore, where, graven on Spanish Rock, (in Smith's Par-

ish) were the mutilated initials F. T., followed by a cross and the date 1543. Local historians have attempted without success to connect this monogram with Camelo's name, but there is no reason to doubt the antiquity of the relic.

The cross on Spanish Rock—a warning against evil spirits it appears to have been — illustrates the terror which had sunk into the hearts of seafarers. Years passed, and although the Spaniards appreciated the value of Bermuda, the old superstitions held them at a distance. They did not fear to cross arms with men, but unseen wraiths were dangerous enemies. None cared to penetrate the veil of mystery which enshrouded the islands, and they remained in obscurity until Henry May, an Englishman, was cast away upon the reefs in 1593.

May was a passenger on board a French vessel commanded by M. de la Barbotière, who left Laguna, in Hispaniola, on November 30. Seventeen days later the pilots congratulated themselves on being out of danger, so far as Bermuda was concerned, and demanded their "wine of height" — a tippie given when a safe latitude was reached. They drank long and deep, discipline was relaxed, and at midnight the ship struck. Out of a company of fifty-odd men only twenty-six reached shore by boat and raft, May and the captain being among the survivors.

The future activities of these men furnish an example of the ingenuity of sailors of their day. They saved carpenter's tools and tackle from the wreck, cut down cedar trees, sawed out planks, and built a seaworthy craft of eighteen tons, caulking her seams with a mixture of lime and turtle's oil, which hardened like cement. Fish, birds, turtles, and rain water sustained them, and they might have taken wild hogs had they so desired, for they saw many during their sojourn.

On May 11, 1594, the party set sail, arriving at Cape Breton in nine days. About two months later May landed in England to recount his experiences. By a singular coincidence the feat in which he participated was to be duplicated several years afterward by a party of his own countrymen; in the meantime Bermuda was to remain a habitation for seabirds and swine.

CHAPTER III

ROMANCE OF THE SEA VENTURE

Cross the Market Square of quaint old St. George's Town and turn the corner into Kent Street — it is merely a step to the Somers Garden. Just within the gate, on the left wall, is affixed a tablet commemorating a man described by Fuller as “a lamb on land, so patient that few could anger him, and (as if entering a ship he had assumed a new nature) a lion at sea so passionate that few could please him.” The inscription reads:

NEAR THIS SPOT
WAS INTERRED IN THE YEAR 1610
THE HEART OF THE HEROIC ADMIRAL
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, Kt.,
WHO NOBLY SACRIFICED HIS LIFE
TO CARRY SUCCOUR
TO THE INFANT AND SUFFERING PLANTATION
NOW
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.
TO PRESERVE HIS FAME TO FUTURE AGES,
NEAR THE SCENE OF HIS MEMORABLE
SHIPWRECK OF 1609,

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THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THIS COLONY FOR THE TIME BEING,
CAUSED THIS TABLET TO BE ERECTED,
1876.¹

Such is the brief record of an unselfish deed. It is a becoming memorial, for the Admiral was a modest sailor. His personal narrative is a straightforward statement of fact without colour or suggestion of vainglory, but others have preserved what Sir George Somers suppressed, and for detailed accounts of his resourcefulness in time of danger and after one must turn to the writings of William Strachy, Silvanus Jordan, and the famous John Smith, early historian of Virginia and Bermuda.

It was on June 2, 1609, that seven ships and two pinnaces, each having on board a goodly company of adventurers, sailed out of Plymouth Sound and laid a course for Virginia, the "infant plantation." The ship *Sea Venture* flew the flag of Sir George Somers, or Summers, as William Strachy, one of the members of the party, calls him, "a gentleman of approved assuredness and

¹ The late Major General J. H. Lefroy, R.A., C.B., F.R.S., honorary member of the New York Historical Society, whose "Memorials of the Bermudas" and other works are a monument to his devotion to the colony's interests and to his ability as a conscientious historian.

ready knowledge in seafaring actions," and with the Admiral were Captain Newport and Sir Thomas Gates, the latter to act as Deputy Governor under Lord De La Warr. The fleet kept together until the twenty-third of July, when a gale sprang up and the pinnace which the *Sea Venture* had in tow was cast loose. By morning, a Monday, the ships had scattered, and the *Sea Venture* was fighting her lonely way through a West Indian hurricane.

"Winds and seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them," writes Strachy. "Our clamours were drowned in the winds and the winds in thunder. The sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain; the waters like whole rivers did flood the air."

The working of the seas caused the *Sea Venture* to leak seriously, and soon she had nine feet of water in her hold. Sir George Somers took his station on the poop to advise the steersman and hold the vessel true to her course, while Sir Thomas Gates directed the efforts of passengers and crew. They thrust pieces of beef into the open seams in a vain attempt to check the inrush of water; they bailed, pumped, jettisoned cargo, ordnance, and luggage. Their galley fires went out; their water casks were awash; for three days and three nights the men laboured incessantly without food or sleep, the *Sea Venture* plunging

forward under bare spars and always settling deeper. Once a huge wave swept her decks and she faltered, apparently about to founder, but, recovering, she laboured onward, a battered wraith of a ship, with timbers strained beyond measure.

On the night of Thursday St. Elmo's Fire made its appearance, "like a faint star," says Strachy, "trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, half the height upon the main-mast, and shooting sometimes from shroud to shroud. At which, Sir George Somers called divers about him and showed them the same, who observed it with much wonder and carefulness; but upon a sudden, towards the morning, they lost sight of it and knew not what way it made."

That was their last night of suffering. Early next day, July 28, when the end seemed only a matter of hours, Sir George Somers, who had never left his post, descried land a few miles distant. The ship was worked into shallow water and lodged between two shoals, her reputed resting-place appearing on the charts of to-day as Sea Venture Flat. Sunset saw the whole company of one hundred and forty men and women on the shores of the thickly-wooded island that was subsequently to bear the name St. George's. Speaking of this event, an anonymous writer says:

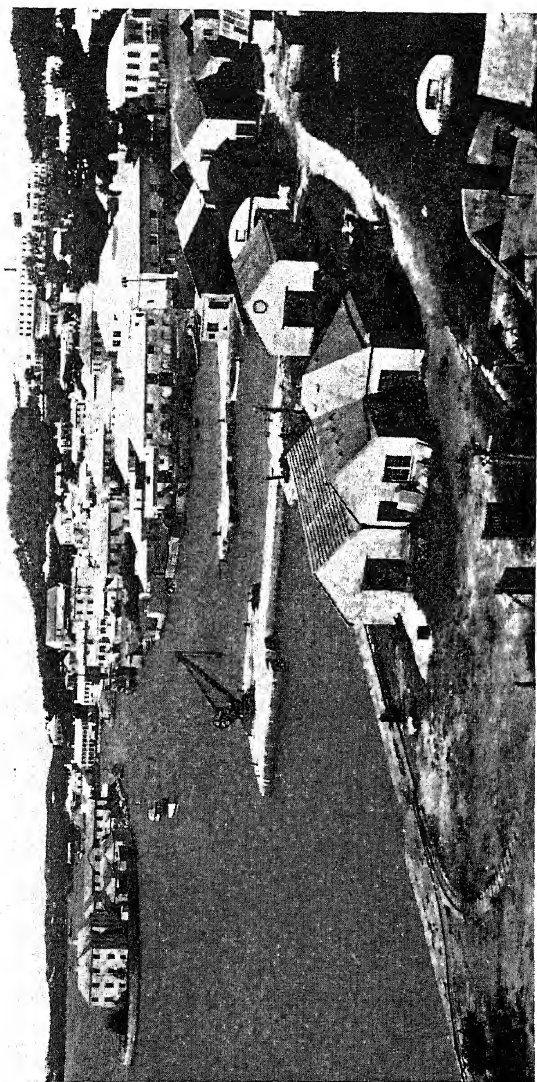
"These islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted an enchanted pile of rocks, and a desert habitation for devils; but all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine. Our people in the Bermudas found such abundance of hogs that for nine months' space they plentifully sufficed, and yet the number seemed not diminished."¹

Tools, sails, arms, cables, boats, and stores were recovered from the *Sea Venture*, and the castaways dug wells and built cabins, which they thatched with palmetto leaves. The palmetto and cedar furnished them with berries, and in addition to hogs the islands provided an unlimited supply of fish, turtles, water birds, and prickly pears. After a time it was decided to communicate, if possible, with Virginia. To this

¹ These animals may have been the offspring of hogs that escaped from wrecked vessels, but it is possible that the islands were stocked by far-seeing pirates. When the Bermudas came under control of the company organised for their settlement, the memory of the abundance of hogs was perpetuated by the issuing of what the proprietors called a "base coyne." This is known to numismatists as "hog money." It was a crude and imperfectly stamped piece. On the obverse side were the words "Sommer Islands" and a wild boar, with the Roman numerals over it, and on the reverse appeared a ship under sail, having the Cross of St. George at each masthead. The number of coins was limited. Only a few are in the possession of Bermudian families and foreign collectors. All are held at high figures.

end the long boat was fitted with a deck made from the ship's hatches and provided with sails and oars. Carrying a crew of seven men in command of Henry Raven, this little craft cleared the reefs on September 1 and reached the open sea, to pursue her perilous voyage. Raven promised to return as quickly as possible, and by prearrangement beacon fires were lighted on the headlands so that he might be guided to a safe anchorage. But the plucky sailors went to an unknown death, and after two months elapsed the adventurers lost hope of receiving help from the mainland.

The construction of a vessel was begun by Richard Frubbusher, a shipwright, probably at the little cove called Buildings Bay, within a short distance of the Town Cut Channel, at the eastern end of St. George's Island; but Sir George Somers, knowing that this craft would not be of sufficient size to accommodate all hands, decided to build a pinnace, and asked Sir Thomas Gates for workmen. His request was readily granted, but the spirit of discontent manifested itself, and the Governor faced three successive conspiracies against his rule, the last being so serious that he summarily shot one of the plotters. The remainder fled to the woods, but all save two — Christopher Carter and Edward Waters — re-



THE ANCIENT CAPITAL — ST. GEORGE'S.

Walter Rutherford

turned upon receiving a promise of immunity from punishment, and thereafter the work proceeded without interruption. Both vessels were constructed largely of native cedar and caulked with oakum, pitch, and tar, and lime and turtle's oil.

Frubbusher's craft was launched on March 30, 1610, and named the *Deliverance*. She was forty feet by the keel, nineteen feet in breadth, and of about eighty tons' burden. A month later Somers launched the *Patience*, a pinnacle of thirty tons, nine and twenty feet long and fifteen and a half feet at the beam. The location of the Admiral's shipyard is unknown, although it may have been at a bay in St. George's Harbour.

"Before we quitted our old quarter," writes Strachy, "and dislodged to the fresh water with our pinnacle, our governor set up in Sir George Somers's garden a fair Mnemosynon in figure of a cross, made of some of the timber of our ruined ship, which was screwed in with strong and great trunnels to a mighty cedar, which grew in the midst of the said garden, and whose top and upper branches he caused to be lopped, that the violence of the wind and weather might have the less power over her.

"In the midst of the cross our governor fastened the picture of his majesty in a piece of silver of

twelve pence, and on each side of the cross he set an inscription graven in copper, in the Latin and English, to this purpose: ‘ In memory of our great Deliuerance, both from a mightie storme and leake: wee have set up this to the honour of God. It is the spoyle of an English ship of three hundred tunne, called the Sea Venture, bound with seuen ships more (from which the storme diuided us) to Virginia, or Noua Britania, in America. In it were two Knights, Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, Gouvernour of the English Forces and Colonie there: and Sir George Summers, Knight, Admirall of the Seas. Her Captaine was Christopher Newport, Passengers and Mariners, shee had beside (which came all safe to Land) one hundred and fiftie. We were forced to runne her ashore (by reason of her leake) under a Point that bore Southeast from the Northerne Point of the Island, which wee discovered first the eight and twentieth of July 1609.’ ”¹

Having spent nine months in Bermuda, the expedition continued its voyage on May 10, 1610, arriving at Jamestown on the twenty-fourth. The tiny settlement was on the verge of starvation, and although the newcomers were able to relieve

¹ Other accounts say the fleet consisted of nine vessels, and that the *Sea Venture* had but one hundred and forty souls on board. Two children were born in the course of the sojourn and five of the company were buried.

the distress, their stock of provisions was sufficient only for two weeks. Accordingly, the Admiral and Governor decided to abandon the colony and take the people to Newfoundland. They had actually embarked and were sailing down the river when Lord De La Warr arrived with three ships. Jamestown was again peopled, and Sir George Somers volunteered to return to Bermuda for a supply of hogs and fishes. On the nineteenth of June he set sail in his own cedar pinnace, in company with a vessel commanded by Captain Argall. They met fog and rough weather, were driven out of their course, and Argall returned to Virginia. Somers continued and reached Bermuda in safety.

But the Admiral's strength did not answer to this last gallant effort, and he died at the age of fifty-six in the town which bears his name. Irreverent persons have said that "a surfeit of roast pig" caused his death; nevertheless, his last thoughts were of the suffering plantation. He counselled his followers to return to Virginia, but instead of heeding his dying injunction the Admiral's nephew, Captain Matthew Somers, who had assumed command, embalmed the body and sailed for England, leaving the heart buried at St. George's. The grave was marked by a wooden cross, which Governor Butler replaced in 1619 by a marble slab bearing this inscription:

“ IN THE YEAR 1611

NOBLE SIR GEORGE SUMMERS WENT HENCE TO HEAVEN,
Whose well-tryed worth that held him still imploid
Gave him the knowledge of the world so wide;
Hence 't was by Heaven's decree that to this place
He brought new guests and name to mutual grace;
At last his soul and body being to part,
He here bequeathed his entrails and his heart.”

The Admiral died in 1610, and poetic license was invoked to meet the rhyme. Butler's tablet¹ disappeared long ago, and the exact location of the grave is unknown, although it was probably not far from the spot where the memorial of 1876 stands. The Admiral was buried with military honours at Whitechurch, Dorsetshire, where in the ancient Church of St. Candida and Holy Cross his long-neglected grave was marked in 1908 by a tablet engraved with these words:

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE SOMERS, KT.,
SHIPMATE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
COLONISER OF THE BERMUDAS.
BORN NEAR LYME REGIS, 1554.
OWNER OF BERNE MANOR, WHITECHURCH CANONICORUM.
DIED IN THE BERMUDAS, NOVEMBER, 1610.
BURIED BENEATH THE OLD CHANTRY, UNDER THE
PRESENT VESTRY, JULY 4TH, 1611.
Erected by public subscription, 1908.

¹ Butler's tablet may have been stolen and built into one of the numerous brick ovens in the town.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST SETTLERS

CAPTAIN SOMERS's return aroused so much interest with respect to the Bermudas that the Virginia Company determined to colonise them, although its charter did not extend to islands more than one hundred miles from the shores of its plantation. By an amendment in 1612 the limit was increased to three hundred leagues, and, says Lefroy, "in spite of remonstrances from the Spaniards that they only had by Papal bull the inheritance of the Indies, the merchants of London proceeded to appropriate the forsaken discovery of Juan Bermudez with as little hesitation as they showed in advancing their plantations in Florida and Virginia."

The new plantation was first called Virginiola, but the name Somers Islands (it is still retained on official documents) was finally selected for the two-fold purpose of paying respect to the Admiral's memory and announcing Bermuda's climate. Richard Moore, a ship's carpenter, headed the first band of settlers, fifty in number, who sailed in the *Plough*, and arrived at the islands on July 11, 1612. To their surprise they were

greeted by three forlorn and ragged men, — Christopher Carter, Edward Waters, and Edward Chard, — the “three kings” as they are called by Washington Irving. Carter and Waters were the recalcitrants who remained in hiding when the wrecked adventurers took their departure for Virginia, and Chard, one of Captain Somers’s crew, joined them in voluntary exile at the time the Captain sailed for home. The “three kings” actually represented British sovereignty, and they lived peacefully as farmers and fishermen until they discovered a quantity of ambergris. This sudden acquisition of wealth created such dissension that Chard and Waters agreed to fight a duel. But they reckoned without Carter,¹ who surreptitiously hid their arms, preferring two living enemies instead of none. For two full years the men dragged out a lonely existence, and they had resolved to build a boat and embark for Virginia when the *Plough* appeared in the offing.

Moore quartered his company at Smith’s Island, soon moving across the harbour to St. George’s, where he laid the foundations of the town. By successful diplomacy and a show of authority he acquired most of the ambergris, and he was

¹ Samuel Carter, a fisherman, and a direct descendant of Christopher, died at St. George’s in 1858. His fishing tackle, the old man’s only possession, was placed in his coffin by the author’s father for use at a happier hunting ground.

shrewd enough to realise that in this valuable commodity he had a "loadstone," as John Smith aptly expresses it, which would draw ships, supplies, and additional settlers from England. Despite the proprietors' orders, he shipped the ambergris in separate consignments, thereby exciting their avarice and compelling them to reinforce him several times. Moore's explicit instructions to erect fortifications retarded the development of agriculture to such an extent that many of the colonists were ill-fed and suffered from a disease called by John Smith "the feagues."

The Bermudas remained under the Virginia Company's¹ jurisdiction but a few months, for they were transferred on November 25, 1612, to a new company composed of members of the old one. These owners assigned their rights to the Crown on November 23, 1614, and on June 29, 1615, James I granted a charter to one hundred and seventeen adventurers under the title of "The Governor and Company of the City of London for the Plantacon of the Somers Islands." About this time Moore² became dissatisfied with the

¹ In consideration of the small area of Bermuda the Virginia Company agreed to make a grant of land in Virginia toward the support of the islands, and the arrangement, Lefroy says, is commemorated by the name Bermuda Hundred, Chesterfield County, Va.

² Governor Moore retired to the Streights or Bermudas, in London, to escape his creditors. These obscure courts and alleys

manner in which those at home had treated him, and he departed, leaving the administration in the hands of six commissioners who, in turn, were superseded by Daniell Tucker, a Virginia planter, the first Governor under the Bermuda Company. Tucker sought to develop good husbandry, but he was thwarted by an overwhelming plague of rats, which destroyed the crops and fruits and ravaged the islands for two years, leaving destitution in their path. The rats were supposed to have been imported with a cargo of meal.

In 1618 Richard Norwood began his survey of the islands, dividing them into eight tribes, and assigning to each adventurer his share or proportion of land — a proceeding which enabled the orderly disposition of property. The public lands, which were devoted to the maintenance of the Governor, sheriff, clergy, and commanders of forts, included St. George's, St. David's, Longbird, Smith's, Cooper's, Coney, and Nonsuch Islands, part of the Main, and other islets at the eastern end, — nearly one seventh part of all the land in the colony.

Each tribe contained fifty parts or shares, and they were called Bedford's, now Hamilton, Parish; Smith's, Cavendish, now Devonshire; Pembroke, were frequented by debtors, bullies, and others of their ilk, whose "very trade is borrowing," says Ben Jonson in "Bartholomew Fair."



Walter Rutherford

AN ALLEY IN ST. GEORGE'S AND THE TOWER OF ST. PETER'S.

Paget, Mansil's, now Warwick; Southampton and Sandys.

It would be impossible to relate within a small compass the detailed history of the plantation under proprietary rule. The colonists were granted a measure of self-government almost from the outset. A General Assembly met at St. George's on August 1, 1620, and there was another body called the General Sessions. "Twice every year each tribe sent six men, chosen by themselves, to the General Sessions," says Lefroy in his "Constitutional History of the Bermudas," "and every alternate year they sent four men to the General Assembly; it is difficult to say which of the two bodies had the more important influence. The General Assembly 'had the making of Laws and Orders for the particular necessities and occasions of the Islands,' but upon the grand jury devolved the tremendous power of presentment without indictment for any matters or offences within their knowledge or observation; and it is easy to see what an opening for scandals and petty persecutions was afforded by it." All acts passed by the Assembly were subject to ratification by the company, but, as Lefroy further remarks, "if the colonists had in some sense representative institutions from the first, they were such as afforded no security against fiscal exactions."

Indeed, the proprietors conducted an oppressive monopoly. A few of them emigrated to Bermuda and lived on their shares, but the majority remained in England and permitted the colonists, their tenants, to cultivate tobacco, the staple crop, as halvers; that is, half of their products paid the rent of the land they tilled.

“Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.”

By the terms of the company's charter the colonists were to be freed from taxation for seven years, and for fourteen years their products were to enter the ports of England under a duty of only five per cent, and, “after the expiration of twenty-one years, were to be charged only according to the books of rates and according to the ancient trade of merchants.” In practice these conditions were openly disregarded, and long before the seven years elapsed the inhabitants had petitioned the King for relief from “excessive rates of goods yearly sent over by them,” the proprietors, who compelled the purchase of necessities from the company's depot at exorbitant prices. Tobacco being the only medium of exchange, this system of polite extortion, combined

with impositions of fines and taxes, furnished the means by which the company kept its servants in poverty. Moreover, the inhabitants were permitted to trade only with vessels sent out by the company, — a rule combated by several of its members, — and they were forbidden to have commercial intercourse with other American colonies; neither were they allowed to build ships. Denial of the right to engage in whaling, except by special commission, was another source of grievance.

Those glowing tales of Bermuda's resources which were accepted without question in England before the process of colonisation began proved to be largely fictitious. "Ambergris," as Lefroy explains, "was not 'driven ashore by every storm where the wind bloweth.' The abundance of turtle, fish, and fowl came to an end." And what was even worse, tobacco never realised the profit expected of it. The Virginia article was far superior in quality, and what competition failed to do in the way of crushing the Bermuda grower was accomplished by the heavy imposts levied in London on his output. Tobacco never brought him more than two shillings and sixpence a pound, and its value finally declined to a point where the profit was inappreciable.

The position of the various governors, who came and went frequently, was uncomfortable, to

say the least. Dependent themselves upon the uncertain products of the public lands, and urged constantly to show results, financial results, from the colony as a whole, they threw the oppressive burden upon the people. Many of the colonists were sturdy and industrious, but others, men and women alike, came from London slums and jails. Lazy, shiftless, and morally depraved, these worthless inhabitants had ample opportunity to satisfy their desire for intoxicants, thanks to the regular supplies brought out by the company's ships. Under the circumstances, harsh measures on the part of the governors were inevitable. Men were executed for minor offences, and the stocks, the branding iron, and the lash found victims innumerable. The company's laws spared not even the innocent. Children of parents who had died in debt were sold into bondage, apprentices were virtually slaves, and there are records of adult colonists who lived in servitude.

As the colony grew older, it passed through the same social, political, and ecclesiastical struggles which beset England in the seventeenth century. Its population included many elements and faiths. Scotch and Irish prisoners of war were sent thither as convicts at large; Anglicans, Royalists, Roundheads, Independents, Quakers, Brownists, Anabaptists, and Presbyterians were represented in

varying numbers, and each sect and political faction had its dissensions and feuds. Secessions from the Established Church took place early in the colony's history, and though freedom of religious worship was frequently demanded, this laudable desire did not deter the Independents and others from persecuting their weaker brethren, particularly the Quakers, whose attempts to educate the negro slaves met with holy disapproval.

A dramatic episode occurred when news reached Bermuda, in 1649, of the execution of Charles I, and the establishment by Oliver Cromwell of the Commonwealth of England. The native Royalists not only acknowledged Charles II to be their sovereign, but they rose in arms, elected one John Trimingham to the office of governor, and banished the more influential Independents, sending these so-called followers of the Commonwealth to the island of Eleutheria, where, in 1646, Captain William Sayle of Bermuda had founded a utopian plantation in which "every man might enjoy his own opinion or religion without control or question." In 1650 Parliament declared Bermuda to be in a state of rebellion, but as no attempt was made to reduce the colony to submission the inhabitants did not swear allegiance to the Commonwealth until after the surrender of Barbadoes — another rebellious colony — in 1652.

Coincident with the rise of Puritanism came a change in the personnel of the company, which, however, lost none of its privileges. Amnesty was granted to the native Royalists, and the banished Independents were recalled from Eleutheria, that colony having proved such a failure as to call forth the sympathy of the Massachusetts churches, whose congregations collected some £800 to supply its necessities.

A marked deterioration in the social and public life of Bermuda had its origin under Puritan rule with the sudden manifestation of a belief in witchcraft. Indiscreet actions and utterances of simple-minded men and women were enough to provoke indictments for sorcery, and several unfortunate persons suffered the penalty of death after notably unfair trials. Such persecution—in which, by the way, the clergy took no part, as they did in New England—continued at intervals for a period of forty-odd years. Social demoralisation became more pronounced during the reign of Charles II, and extended to the negro slaves, whose number had greatly increased since their advent in 1616. It is worthy of note that the Indians who were captured in the Pequod and Sachem Philip wars in New England and sold in Bermuda, as well as those brought from the West Indies, gave little or no trouble, but the negroes organised several

formidable conspiracies, which resulted in severe measures against their lawlessness.

In justice to the proprietors it must be said that they established schools and endeavoured to promote the moral welfare of the colonists, in so far as it was compatible with their interests. Some of their laws, especially those designed to conserve the cedar, contained much wisdom, but avarice and the ignorance of tyranny were the most conspicuous features of administration, and the logical result came to pass. While the colony was demonstrating itself to be an unprofitable venture, the planters were enabled to purchase the acres they tilled, and gradually the company's property, excepting the public lands, was alienated. As the tenants became freemen, they openly defied the company and refused to obey its laws, taking advantage at the same time of its declining influence to press their claims for relief in England. Their side of the case was conducted with irresistible vigour, and at last, in 1684, the Court of King's Bench abolished the company through quo warranto proceedings, Bermuda entering upon a new era as a colony of the Crown.

CHAPTER V

COLONY UNDER THE CROWN

DURING the last ten years of the Bermuda Company's existence the Assembly was not permitted to meet, owing to its opposition to the high-handed method of government, but the Crown re-established this representative body and sessions were resumed on June 6, 1687. Some of the oppressive restrictions were thereupon removed; in fact, the colonists were left to develop their resources without surveillance, the home government going so far as to neglect to send out gunpowder or ordnance in the period between 1701 and 1738. The Bermudians were not slow to desert their unprofitable farms and take a living from the sea, building small ships of cedar and finding employment for them. As early as 1678 some of the more enterprising inhabitants carried their slaves to Turk's Island and engaged in the manufacture of salt. This lucrative trade was conducted in the winter months, the salt rakers storing their product in Bermuda and later, when the weather was favourable, taking it to Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, receiving in exchange corn, bread, flour, pork, and lumber.

Before the salt season opened it was customary for the traders to carry quantities of cabbages and onions to the West Indies, returning with rum, molasses, and cotton, the last-named product furnishing them with the greater part of their apparel.

The salt trade continued without interference until the rakers were driven away by Spaniards in 1710. By force of arms the Bermudians regained possession of the ponds, and thereafter they maintained armed vessels for the protection of their industry. In the reign of George II the French landed and declared their right to Turk's Island, but were induced to withdraw peacefully; and again in 1764 they descended on the salt rakers, destroyed their buildings and effects, and took a number of them captive to Cape François. The French, however, were compelled to give up the ponds and pay an indemnity, and the trade was rehabilitated.

From men of their own blood, too, the Bermudians suffered indignities and losses. In 1768 Captain Robert Gregory of H. M. S. *Scarborough* seized the cargoes of some twenty Bermuda vessels at Tortugas, where Bermudians had been making salt for fifty years. There was no warrant for Gregory's act; apparently he was paid for his work by captains of merchant ships under convoy of his own; but the Bermudians obtained little or

no redress in this instance. At that time some seven hundred and fifty Bermudians were employed at Turk's Island, and they desired the annexation of the colony to their own, owing to their fear that the trade might be lost, as well as the attitude of the government of the Bahamas, which was imposing heavy taxes and undue restrictions upon the salt rakers under pretence of superior jurisdiction. Strong representations were made to the Lords of Trades and Plantations on this point, the Bermudians asserting their rights as colonisers and recalling a former decision which had given them the freedom of the ponds.

For thirty years the matter was held in abeyance, then Turk's Island was granted to the Bahamas; but long before that event the Bermudians had established themselves as the principal carriers in the coastwise and West Indian trade of the North American provinces. They were the original colonisers under the British government of the Bahamas, and in 1701 endeavoured to obtain legal control of them, pointing to the fact that five hundred "lusty young fellows," natives of Bermuda, who had gone to the West Indies to earn a living, would speedily repair to the new possession and settle it permanently. Not receiving a favourable reply and being annoyed by a nest of pirates who made the Bahamas their rendezvous, the Bermuda

government sent out an expedition in 1713 and cleared the islands of these worthies.

At home also the people had to fight for the protection of their shipping. In 1720 Captain Joell in the sloop *Devonshire* attacked and disabled a large Spanish ship, heavily armed, and in 1741 a Spanish privateer, which had boldly landed prisoners on one of the islands, was pursued by two native sloops. At this time Bermuda privateers brought in many French prisoners, the number of which increased to such an extent in 1745 that they proved a burdensome expense to the colony, and measures were adopted for their transportation. The people were so much concerned by the appearance of two French privateers in 1761 that the ship *Royal Ann* and brigantine *Sally* were hastily fitted to drive them away, an embargo being laid on shipping until the outcome of the cruise was learned. Though the expedition was successful, the enemy returned after a time and made many captures almost in sight of land, the government being too poor to keep armed vessels constantly in commission.

So engrossed were the people in maritime pursuits that little or no attention was paid to agriculture. The whites actually looked upon farming as a degrading occupation; they trained their active men slaves to be mechanics and sailors, leav-

ing the tillage of land to incompetent negroes and aged women, whose implements were of the crudest type. This short-sighted policy made the people dependent upon America for three quarters of the supplies necessary for their subsistence, and brought about its punishment in due time. Twice in 1756 Gov. William Popple petitioned the Provincial Congress of Pennsylvania for permission to import foodstuffs, and when the outbreak of the American Revolution led to the prohibition of trade and intercourse with the mainland after September 10, 1775, the Bermudians faced extremities which afforded a severe test of their loyalty to the Crown. The Assembly passed a law to prevent the exportation of corn, wheat, barley, rice, beans, flour, etc., and fixed prices for these commodities, but this was insufficient to stave off the prospects of famine. Provisions could not be obtained from Great Britain because the people had no staple with which to purchase them; productions of the unprohibited colonies were sufficient only for themselves; the one alternative was an appeal to the magnanimity of the Americans in revolt.

Exigencies of the situation naturally influenced the islanders. Members and friends of Bermuda families living in America had joined the cause of freedom in the field, the colony's commerce was in danger of annihilation; and a third consideration

was the urgent necessity for food. To quote from an address of the Legislature to the Crown:

“Self preservation gave the alarm, and in such an exigency there was no alternative but an application to the American Congress, setting forth the situation of the island and requesting a dispensation of that resolve in favour of a people who without their aid must inevitably perish, or a submission to all the horrors of famine and general distress. When such motives (and such alone) influenced their conduct, the inhabitants of Bermuda assured themselves that the Father of His People would not take umbrage at a measure dictated by the most powerful and irresistible law of nature. The people therefore imprest with those sentiments deputed some persons from the several parishes to make application for that purpose in May, 1775. At that time we scarcely knew of the dawning of civil war and cherished hopes that it might still be prevented from breaking out by an amicable and honourable reconciliation. Altho’ this pleasing hope has been blasted by the event, yet we flatter ourselves that your Majesty will regard with a favourable eye a measure which if reprobated by the malevolence of some, or the misinformation and ignorance of others, was yet dictated by necessity, the most urgent of human incentives.”

Congress replied to the petition by intimating

that the Bermudians would receive supplies if they brought firearms and ammunition to America. Logical reasons prompted this answer. The Revolutionary army was in immediate need of powder, and General Washington had been apprised of the existence of a magazine in Bermuda, the contents of which he naturally coveted. Accordingly, on August 4, 1775, when in camp at Cambridge, Mass., the General wrote a letter to Governor Cooke of Rhode Island in which he said:

“ Our necessities in the articles of powder and lead are so great as to require an immediate supply. I must earnestly entreat, you will fall upon such measures to forward every pound of each in the colony, which can possibly be spared. It is not within the propriety or safety of such a correspondence to say what I might upon this subject. It is sufficient, that the case calls loudly for the most strenuous exertions of every friend of his country, and does not admit of the least delay. No quantity, however small, is beneath notice, and should any arrive, I beg it may be forwarded as soon as possible.

“ But a supply of this kind is so precarious, not only from the danger of the enemy, but the opportunity of purchasing, that I have revolved in my mind every other possible chance and listened to every proposition on the subject, which could give

the smallest hope. Among others, I have had one mentioned, which has some weight with me, as well as the general officers to whom I have proposed it. One Harris has lately come from Bermuda, where there is a very considerable magazine in a remote part of the island; and the inhabitants well disposed not only to our cause in general, but to assist in this enterprise in particular. We understand there are two armed vessels in your province, commanded by men of known activity and spirit; one of which it is proposed to despatch on this errand with such assistance as may be requisite. Harris is to go along as the conductor of the enterprise, and to avail ourselves of his knowledge of the island; but without any command. I am very sensible, that at first view the project may appear hazardous and its success must depend on the concurrence of many circumstances, but we are in a situation which requires us to run all risks. No danger is to be considered, when put in competition with the magnitude of the cause, and the absolute necessity of increasing our stock. Enterprises which appear chimerical, often prove successful from that very circumstance. Common sense and prudence will suggest vigilance and care, where the danger is plain and obvious; but, where little danger is apprehended, the more the enemy will be unprepared, and con-

sequently there is the fairest prospect of success."

The plan was approved by Governor Cooke and the Rhode Island Committee, and Captain Abraham Whipple agreed to engage in the affair on condition that General Washington gave written assurance that he would use his influence with the Continental Congress to permit the exportation of supplies to Bermuda, provided the Bermudians assisted the Captain. Another letter sent by Washington to Governor Cooke reveals the General's intimate knowledge of the Bermudians' temper. On August 14 Washington wrote that "our Necessity is great; the Expectation of being supplied by the Inhabitants of the Islands under such hazards as they must run are slender, so that the only Chance of Success is by a sudden Strike. There is a great difference between acquiescing in the Measure and becoming Principals; the former we have reason to expect, the latter is doubtful."

On September 6 Washington suggested to Cooke the seizure of the mail packet from England and said: "If the vessel proposed to go to Bermudas should cruise for a few days off Sandy Hook, I have no doubt she would fall in with her." The same day this letter was written, Washington penned the following address to the Inhabitants of the Island of Bermuda:

“GENTLEMEN, — In the great conflict, which agitates this continent, I cannot doubt but the assertors of freedom and the right of the constitution are possessed of your most favourable regards and wishes for success. As descendants of freemen, and heirs with us of the same glorious inheritance, we flatter ourselves, that, though divided by our situation, we are firmly united in sentiment. The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space and distance.

“You need not be informed, that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonists into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much human blood, and left us no alternative but a civil war, or a base submission. The wise Disposer of all events has hitherto smiled upon our virtuous efforts. Those mercenary troops, a few of whom lately boasted of subjugating this vast continent, have been checked in their earliest ravages, and are now actually encircled in a small space, their arms disgraced, and suffering all the calamities of a siege. The virtue, spirit, and union of the provinces leave them nothing to fear, but the want of ammunition. The appli-

cation of our enemies to foreign states, and their vigilance upon our coasts, are the only efforts they have made against us with success. Under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, Gentlemen, for relief. We are informed, there is a very large magazine on your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition, in which, from your situation, we should be unable to support you; we know not, therefore, to what extent to solicit your assistance in availing ourselves of this supply; but, if your favour and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further the scheme, so as to give it the fairest prospect of success. Be assured that in this case the whole power and exertion of my influence will be made with the honourable Continental Congress, that your island may not only be supplied with provisions, but experience every mark of affection and friendship, which the grateful citizens of a free country can bestow on its brethren and benefactors."

Captain Whipple sailed on September 12 in the *Arger* of the Rhode Island vessels, having instructions to cruise off New York fourteen days with

the purpose of intercepting the English mail packet. If the vessel did not appear in that time, he was to proceed to Bermuda.

“But he had scarcely sailed from Providence before an account appeared in the newspapers of one hundred barrels of powder having been taken from Bermuda by a vessel supposed to be from Philadelphia, and another from South Carolina. The facts were such as to make it in the highest degree probable that this was the same powder which Captain Whipple had gone to procure. General Washington and Governor Cooke were both of opinion that it was best to countermand his instructions. The other armed vessel of Rhode Island was immediately despatched in search of the captain with orders, that, when he had finished the cruise in search of the packet, he should return to Providence. But it was too late. Captain Whipple had heard of the arrival of the packet at New York, and had proceeded on his voyage to Bermuda.

“He put in at the west end of the island. The inhabitants were at first alarmed, supposing him to command a King’s armed vessel, and the women and children fled into the country; but when he showed his commission and instructions they treated him with cordiality and friendship. They had assisted in removing the powder, which was made known to General Gage, and he had sent a

sloop of war to take away all superfluous provisions from the island. They professed themselves hearty friends to the American Cause, but as Captain Whipple was defeated in the object of his voyage he speedily returned to Providence." (Governor Cooke's MS. letters, from "The Writings of George Washington," vol. III, by Worthington Chauncey Ford.)

By a singular coincidence, the magazine was depleted on August 14, the date of one of Washington's communications to Cooke. Even now many details of the incident are still to be elucidated. George James Bruere, a man of unpleasant disposition, to characterise him mildly, was then Governor of the colony. His official residence occupied a site on Government Hill, an eminence overlooking the town of St. George's, and the magazine stood near by. According to the local version of the seizure, the keys of the magazine were taken from beneath the Governor's pillow, and the powder kegs were rolled out of Government House grounds and conveyed to a spot on the north shore, now called the Naval Tanks. Here they were loaded into whaleboats in charge of a Captain Morgan,¹ and carried to two Bermuda sloops at anchor outside the reefs near North Rock.

¹ A Bermuda tradition relates to a heavy raincloud which hangs over the islands at a certain season and is known as "Old Morgan," whose spirit cannot rest until the descendants of the "powder stealers" are hung.

It is obvious that the affair was carefully planned, and that the participants included unidentified colonists of prominence, but it is certain that the powder was not shipped in Bermuda vessels. Bancroft says that George Ord in a sloop despatched from Philadelphia by Robert Morris under pretence of a trading voyage to New Providence, took the magazine by surprise, and, in conjunction with a schooner from South Carolina, carried off more than one hundred barrels of powder. The name of the South Carolina vessel does not appear, but Mr. De Lancey Cleveland,¹ a descendant of Captain Ord, is authority for the statement that his vessel was the brigantine *Retaliation*, which anchored near Mangrove Bay, at the west end of Bermuda, and received the powder from sailboats that were sent to St. George's during the night of August 14. In view of the distance of the magazine from the point of loading and the many miles of water covered by the boats in the space of a few hours, the undertaking certainly proves the efficiency of Captain Ord's men.

The affair created extraordinary excitement in Bermuda. The Assembly offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the offenders and said: "We are deeply concerned to find that so flagitious an act should have been committed at this time of uni-

¹ New York *Evening Post*, February 24, 1904.

versal distress." Governor Bruere informed them that one hundred barrels had been carried away and called it a "most heinous and atrocious crime." He also made wholesale accusations of treason and strenuously endeavoured, but without success, to discover the names of the delinquents. So far as the Americans were concerned their act conformed to the legitimate rules of war, but the Bermudians were liable to severe penalties, and they naturally held their tongues. On the other hand, the Americans did not embarrass those who had helped them by unwise disclosures; thus the transaction is not illuminated to any extent by official records.

Captain Ord is supposed to have landed the powder at Philadelphia, and this is probably correct, for in the minutes of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, dated August 26, 1775, the following entry appears: "A letter was this day received by Capt. Ord of the *Lady Catherine*, from Henry Tucker, chairman of the Deputies of the several Parishes of Bermuda, enclosing an account for 1182 lbs. of gunpowder shipped by him aboard said vessel, amounting to £161. 14. 8., that currency, with an account of eight half bars. of powder on board said vessel, the property of Captain John Cowper of North Carolina, for which last powder Mr. Tucker has engaged that this board

or Mr. Robert Morris will be accountable for." The minutes for September 20 show this credit: "August 26. By sundry casks of powder imported in the *Lady*, Capt. Ord from Bermuda, 1800 lbs. N. B. There is upwards of 7 cwt. of the powder imported from Bermuda that is unfit for use."

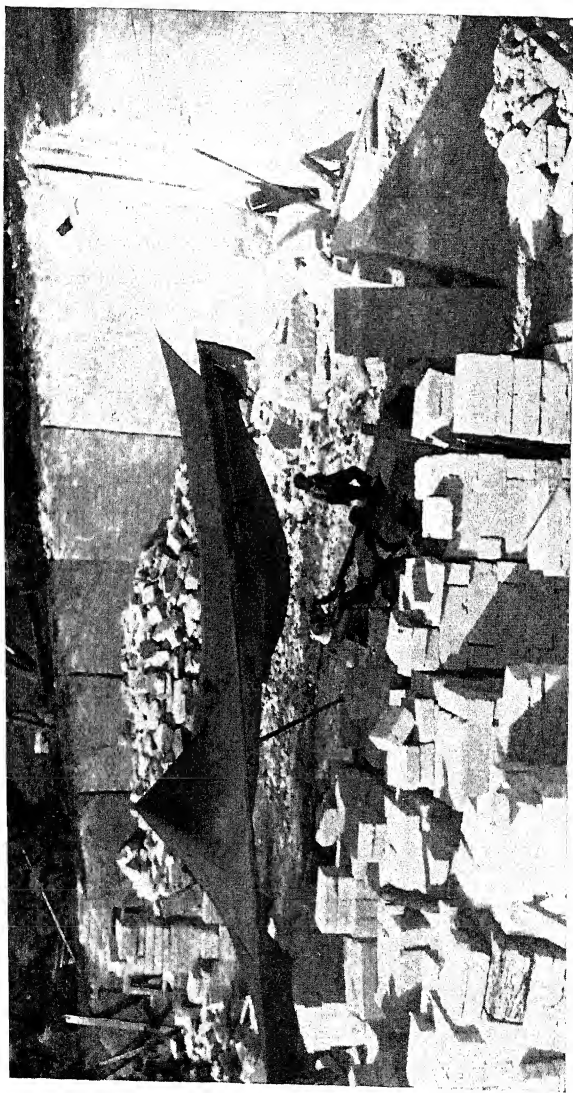
It would appear that both entries refer to the same consignment, and that the committee, of which Robert Morris was a member, took charge of all the powder. Captain Ord was the owner of more than one vessel, and the evidence seems to show that he used the *Lady Catherine* or *Lady*, instead of the *Retaliation* in his successful expedition. A Captain Samuel Stiles of Georgia is another who is supposed to have participated, while a descendant of St. George Tucker¹ asserts that this gentleman, a Bermudian by birth but a Virginian by adoption, arranged the details of the seizure when he visited the islands, for the ostensible purpose of obtaining a cargo of salt. That the Bermuda branch of the Tucker family had close connections with the American cause is apparent from the Pennsylvania Committee Records, as well as from the fact that American vessels, in communicating with the islands, were supposed

¹ J. Fairfax McLaughlin, Jr., in *New York Evening Post* March 5, 1904.

to stand in toward the west end and set signals, which would bring a boat from a "Mr. Tucker."

It remained for Washington to fulfil his promise to Captain Whipple, and on October 29, 1775, he wrote to Governor Cooke, saying: "Capt. Whipple's voyage has been unfortunate, but it is not in our power to command success, though it is always our duty to deserve it. . . . I agree with you, that the attachment of our Bermudian brethren ought to recommend them to the favourable regards of their friends in America, and I doubt not that it will. I shall certainly take a proper opportunity to make their case known to the honourable Continental Congress."

The Continental Congress showed its gratitude by resolving, on November 22, 1775, to permit yearly exports of provisions to Bermuda in exchange for cargoes of salt, a commodity which was not plentiful in America. Shipments were apportioned among the provinces as follows: South Carolina was to send 300 tierces of rice; North Carolina, 16,000 bushels of Indian corn and 468 bushels of peas or beans; Virginia, 36,000 bushels of corn and 1050 bushels of peas or beans; Maryland, 20,000 bushels of corn and 582 bushels of peas or beans; Pennsylvania, 1200 barrels of flour or bread and 600 barrels of beef or pork; New York, 800 barrels of flour or bread and 400



Walter Rutherford

CUTTING THE STONE THAT MAKES THE BERMUDA HOUSE.

barrels of beef or pork. The colonists were also to be furnished with lumber, soap, and candles as necessity arose. In accordance with this resolution, the Pennsylvania Committee, on November 25, granted permission to Edward Stiles to load the *Sea Nymph*, Samuel Stobel, master, for Bermuda. This was but one of several cargoes exported under the terms of the resolve, the Secret and Marine Committee being "charged with fitting out vessels with cargoes to Bermuda."

On July 24, 1776, the Continental Congress again extended aid to the Bermudians by permitting their vessels to trade with American ports, and in November, 1777, Bermuda ships were exempted from capture by American privateers. Notwithstanding these indulgences, the people continually suffered for lack of food because they had little or nothing of value to offer in return for provisions. Only by illicit trading with their salt vessels were they able to fulfil their urgent wants, although the government occasionally permitted ships to go in search of provisions. Some of the skippers who had no official commission went so far as to drive their craft among the reefs and leave the unloading to small boats.

About the middle of 1777 two armed American brigs from South Carolina put in at the west end of the islands and remained a week without inter-

ference, although the British sloop-of-war *Nautilus* lay at anchor in Castle Harbour. The Assembly protested against the inactivity of the sloop, but Governor Bruere explained that her bottom was foul and the pilots could not take her through the reefs. He said further that the "rebel brigs" were commanded by Bermuda captains, who were "supposed to be well acquainted with the rocks and coast."

Not all the Bermudians were friendly toward the American cause, and American merchantmen suffered at the hands of loyalists who embarked in the business of privateering, with the approval of Governor Bruere. Though the native privateers captured a number of vessels, the Americans in turn took their share of prizes, one of which was a ship manned by eighty slaves, who were liberated upon their arrival at Boston.

For the captured Americans no proper accommodations were provided in Bermuda. They were fed on raw rice once a day, and their jail at St. George's was such a loathsome place that on November 19, 1779, the Assembly complained to the Governor, saying: "Unhappy are we to find . . . that men thrown among us by the calamities of war alone should be suffer'd to remain in a situation shocking to every principle of humanity." As a result of this treatment a malignant fever

originated in the jail and spread throughout the islands, causing extreme mortality and interfering with the sittings of the Assembly.

The Governor died in September, 1780, and was succeeded by a man of the same name — George Bruere — who never lost an opportunity to accuse the Assembly and people of disloyalty. He complained that the Bermudians were supplying “the rebels” with “that great essential, salt” — a correct accusation without a doubt, for that was the only way in which they could keep themselves alive. “As far as I can,” he said, “and it constitutionally lays with me, I will make my actions outgo my words against the rebel trade. Let us change our system! fit out your fine vessels as privateers; the French and every enemy constantly pass close by us, often in our very sight. Conduct them in; riches and honour will attend you.”

It was the Governor’s theory that the islanders could easily supply themselves by capturing prizes, and he persistently endeavoured to encourage privateering, urging at the same time the building of adequate fortifications. But the people paid little attention to this advice, and again in June, 1781, the Governor spoke about the “wicked, designing men” who “had caused a misguided and deluded people to do all they could to serve the Ameri-

cans." Finally, he was unmercifully castigated by the Assembly and accused of prying into private correspondence by intercepting London letters on their return from Boston. These letters were probably written to Henry Tucker, the Bermuda agent at London, and it appears from the Governor's reply that they were returned by ¹ John Hancock to Bermuda friends for the purpose of inflaming the people.

Had the Continental Congress possessed a fleet capable of holding Bermuda, the colony might have been lost to England. The powder expedition not only suggested the probable reception which an invading force would have received, but it revealed Bermuda's weakness in a military sense, a small body of militia constituting its only protection. All this was known to the Americans and their allies, the French, who, realising the group's importance as a base for naval operations, advanced tentative plans for its capture. Silas Deane, a secret agent of the Continental Congress, who stopped at Bermuda in 1776, to purchase a swift native sloop, which carried him to Bordeaux, France, advised the seizure of Bermuda, while the same subject was subsequently discussed in correspondence which passed between the Comte de

¹ From 1775 to 1780 John Hancock was a delegate from Massachusetts to the Continental Congress.

Vergennes, Brigadier Hopkins of the French service, and the Marquis de Lafayette. The latter, writing to the Comte on February 2, 1780, said he would personally organise a "parti de la liberté" in Bermuda.

Another indication of the serious consideration given to Bermuda is contained in the Treaties of Commerce and Alliance between France and America. This document, which was signed on February 6, 1778, provided that Bermuda should be added to the American confederation in the event of capture. Although the plans never materialised, they had the effect of producing in England a more intelligent recognition of Bermuda's value as a naval and military station.

A contemporary account of the colony during the eighteenth century is found in the Abbé Raynal's work, "A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies," published by Silvester Doig, Edinburgh, 1792. It is probable that he obtained his facts from travellers, as he did not visit the islands. He tells of their settlement, and says:

"The population increased considerably, because the advantages of the climate were greatly exaggerated. People went there from the Leeward Islands for the benefit of their health and

from the Northern Colonies to enjoy their fortune in peace. Many royalists retired there in expectation of the death of their oppressor, Cromwell, Waller among the rest, that charming poet, who as an enemy to that tyrannical deliverer, crossed the seas, and celebrated those fortunate islands, inspired by the influence of the air, and the beauty of the prospects, which are always favourable to the poet. He imparted his enthusiasm to the fair sex. The English ladies never thought themselves fine or well dressed but in small Bermuda hats made with palm leaves.

“ But at last the charm was broken, and these islands fell into the contempt which their insignificance deserved. They are very numerous, and their whole compass does not exceed six or seven leagues. The soil is very indifferent, and has not a single spring to water it. There is no water to drink, but what is taken from wells and cisterns. Maize, vegetables, and excellent fruits afford plenty of excellent food, but they have no commodities for exportation; yet chance has collected under this pure and temperate sky, four or five thousand inhabitants, poor, but happy in being unobserved. They have no outward connections but by some ships passing from the northern to the southern colonies, which sometimes stop to make refreshments in these peaceful islands.

“Some attempts have been made to improve the circumstances of these people by industry. It has been wished that they would try to raise silk, then cochineal, and, lastly, that they would plant vineyards. But these schemes have only been thought of. These islanders, consulting their own happiness, have confined their sedentary arts to the weaving of sails. This manufactory, so well adapted to plain and moderate men, grows daily more and more flourishing.

“For upwards of a century past they have also built ships at the Bermudas, that are not to be equalled for swiftness and durability, and are in great request, especially for privateers. They are made of a kind of cedar, called by the French, Acajon. They have endeavoured to imitate them at Jamaica and in the Bahama Islands, where they had plenty of materials which were grown scarce and dear in the old docks, but these ships are and must be far inferior to their models.

“The principal inhabitants of the Bermuda Islands formed a society in 1765, the statutes of which are perhaps the most respectable monument that ever dignified humanity. These virtuous citizens have engaged themselves to form a library of all books of husbandry, in whatever language they have been written; to procure all capable persons, in both sexes, an employment suitable to

their disposition; to bestow a reward on every man who has introduced into the colony any new art, or contributed to the improvement of one already known; to give a pension to every daily workman, who after having assiduously continued his labour and maintained a good character for forty years, shall not have been able to lay up stock sufficient to allow him to pass his latter days in quiet, and, lastly, to indemnify every inhabitant of Bermuda who shall have been oppressed either by the minister or the magistrate.

“May these advantages be preserved to these industrious though indigent people, happy in their labour and in their poverty, which keeps their morals untainted. They enjoy the benefits of a pure and serene sky, with health and with peace of mind. The poison of luxury has never infected them. They are not themselves addicted to envy nor do they excite it in others. The rage and ambition of war is extinguished upon their coasts, as the storms of the ocean that surround them are broken. The virtuous man would willingly cross the seas to enjoy the sight of their frugality. They are totally unacquainted with what passes in the world we live in; and it will be happy for them to remain in their ignorance.”

This society, with its outlines of old-age pensions, one hundred and forty years odd, before

they were adopted in England, may have been the Somerset Bridge Club, according to Williams, in his "History of Bermuda," published in 1848; "but," says he, "if such extensive and philanthropical measures were ever contemplated, they must have signally failed, as the club has long since ceased to exist and its library has not been preserved."

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR OF 1812 AND AFTER

A PARTIAL state of famine still existed in Bermuda when William Browne of Salem, Mass., arrived in 1782 to fill the Governor's chair for a term that lasted six years. Governor Browne had held important judicial offices in Massachusetts, but his adherence to Tory principles necessitated his withdrawal from that province, although he was highly esteemed even by those who differed from him in opinion. Having an inherent knowledge of the needs of colonials, he was soon able to win the sympathies of the people, and, unlike the majority of his predecessors, he was patient and tactful in his dealings with the Assembly. While he did not actually discourage privateering, the weight of his counsel was thrown against what he termed the "rude, desultory kind of life" on which the Bermudians had embarked, and he steadfastly endeavoured to promote a more wholesome respect for civil authority and the pursuit of milder occupations.

One of his first acts was to declare the whale fishery free to all, for which the Assembly expressed its gratitude in florid language. Hitherto

whales had been considered "royal fishes," and as the fishery could only be conducted under licenses, fees for which were paid to the Governor, the people had practically ceased to engage in it. Another progressive step was the Assembly's provision for the colony's first newspaper, the *Bermuda Gazette*, which made its appearance on January 17, 1784. Governor Browne also inaugurated a sounder financial policy, his administration being marked throughout by intelligence and a genuine desire to further the colony's interests.

But he sometimes had great difficulty in enforcing the laws. In 1782 and 1783, for instance, small-pox spread over the islands to such an extent that many persons had recourse to a form of inoculation which was illegal inasmuch as it widened the area of infection, although the cases were less virulent. Heavy penalties were imposed, the chief justice and speaker of the Assembly were even accused of transgressing the law, and the Assembly decided it would be expedient to pass a bill for the exemption of all fines if the "Streams of Justice" were to be "preserved pure and unpolluted."

At the conclusion of peace the regulation of intercourse between the British West Indies and the United States opened to the Bermudians the

prospect of enlarged commerce, Governor Browne saying the new policy suggested fair and profitable employment, "as the superiority of our ships and sailors has long been universally acknowledged." He was not mistaken. Shipbuilding¹ received an impetus and the Bermudians resumed their old position as carriers for the Americans, having a fleet of more than one hundred and seventy-five vessels in 1789. Depredations of French privateers hampered shipping in 1793, but a more serious injury was brought about by the opening of the colony's ports to vessels of foreign nations that were friendly to Great Britain. For several years competition of foreigners was keen, and then the islanders forged ahead again until placed at a disadvantage by the War of 1812.

By an order in Council dated October 13, 1812, it was permissible to export to the United States in licensed foreign bottoms British plantation sugar and coffee imported into Bermuda by British vessels, and these foreign vessels might return with certain American products without fear of moles-

¹ Bermuda cedar is so close grained that the shipbuilders put it into vessels' bottoms without seasoning. Their vessels were noted for speed—an essential quality in privateering days. They constructed several ships of war with cedar, but it splintered in action and proved so expensive that the practice was discontinued. The colony owned a sloop-of-war and gunboat in 1795.

tation by English men-of-war. This enabled the colony's fleet to conduct trade between Bermuda and the West Indies on the one hand and Newfoundland on the other. There was profit in this when the Bermudians were successful in eluding the enemy, but so many of their ships fell into the hands of American privateers that the native merchants were seriously crippled. The extent of their losses is better realised when it is said that thirty-nine vessels belonging to the port of Hamilton alone, valued with their cargoes at a little more than £200,000¹ were taken or destroyed in the course of the war.

Conversely, scores of merchantmen flying the Swedish, Portuguese, and Spanish flags were sent into Bermuda for adjudication in the prize court, and the use of the islands as a naval base provided employment for the shipbuilders and surplus sailors. Furthermore, the presence of a large fleet naturally attracted all manner of supplies, and not a few Americans engaged in the business of supplying the British squadrons.

"We hear of frequent arrivals at Bermuda of provisions from the United States," says *Niles' Weekly Register* of Baltimore in its issue of April 24, 1813. "The traitors may yet be

¹ The colony's currency was at that period rated at twelve shillings sterling to the pound.

caught. It is a desperate game." One of the traitors, who apparently had no respect for an honoured name, brought the schooner *George Washington* from New Haven with forty head of cattle and offered to supply Admiral Warren with fresh beef, deliverable either at Gardner's Island off Long Island, or at Bermuda.

Commercial houses and the government were so seriously embarrassed in 1814 by the scarcity of currency that Admiral Warren endeavoured to obtain supplies of cash from New London. He planned to have money received on board His Majesty's ship *Victorious*, and to her commander, Captain Talbot, detailed instructions were forwarded by the Spanish schooner *Rosa*. But the fortune of war made the *Rosa* a prize to the American privateer *Viper*, and the Admiral's letter was found in one of the Spanish skipper's boots.

Bermuda was never attacked or threatened with attack, but one humourously audacious American cruised off shore in the privateer *Snap Dragon*, after sending an "official" notice to the Governor that he had laid the islands under a rigid blockade. Two United States war vessels found their way to Bermuda under British colours. The first was the sloop *Wasp*, Captain Jones, which fought and defeated the British sloop *Frolic* in a desperate engagement off Albermarle Sound on October 13,

1812. Both vessels were disabled, and while effecting repairs the British liner *Poictiers* came on the scene and convoyed them to Bermuda.

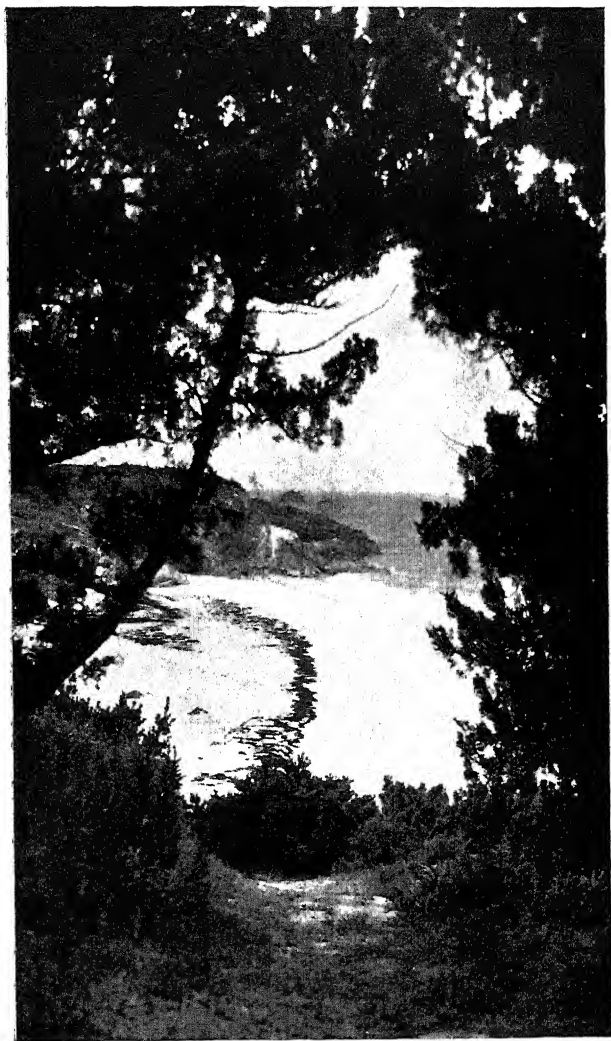
The second capture was that of Commodore Decatur's frigate *President*, which was taken in a running fight with a British squadron off Long Island on January 15, 1815, and lost heavily in officers and men. Among the wounded was Midshipman Richard Sutherland Dale, a son of one of John Paul Jones's officers. Dale was nursed in a private family until his death and was buried in St. Peter's churchyard at St. George's.

Journalistic enterprise in the case of the *President* brought the editor of the *Bermuda Royal Gazette*, Edmund Ward, into high disfavour, and cost him his position as King's Printer. His side of the affair as personally related by him appears in the *Bermuda Almanack* for 1900, from which this quotation is taken:

"During my residence in Bermuda the American war broke out, and just at its conclusion the American frigate *President*, Commodore Decatur, was captured by the *Endymion*, Capt. Hope. Commodore Decatur was transferred to the ship which captured his vessel, and sail was made for Bermuda. All the ship's books had been thrown overboard, and it was found impossible to ascertain the number of the *President's* crew, which,

as was supposed, were subsequently distributed on board the other ships, with the exception of some thirty men and some junior officers, who were left on board intentionally; and Lieut. Morgan of the *Endymion*, and the Hon. Lieut. Perceval of the *Tenedos*, with ninety-six men, were put on board the prize for the purpose of bringing her into port. On the following day the ships separated in a gale, and towards evening it was fortunately discovered that sixty-eight men were concealed in the sail room, who were immediately secured and put in irons, and the *President* narrowly escaped recapture by a treacherous surprise.

“Having been informed of this circumstance by some gentlemen of St. George’s who visited the ship, I mentioned it in the next *Royal Gazette*, and was directed by the Governor, Sir James Cockburn, to contradict it, on his assurance that it was not the case. Subsequently I found that I had been misled, and Commodore Decatur, on his arrival in the United States, having stated in a supplemental letter to the Secretary of the Navy that the contradiction had reference to his capture by the *Endymion* alone, I reiterated my assertion as to the concealment of the men, which I was immediately required by Sir James Cockburn to retract, and declining to do so, was



Walter Rutherford
FRAMED IN CEDAR ~ A BEACH AT MID-OCEAN COLONY.

deprived of my commission as King's Printer. It happened fortunately — the ship having sailed for England — that Lieut. Perceval remained on the station, who, on his arrival at Bermuda in the *Bulwark*, corroborated my statement, his servant having discovered the men. Sir James refused, however, to restore me to my situation, and I published the correspondence that had taken place previous to my dismissal. . . .”

American newspapers of the period industriously published statements to the effect that prisoners of war were ill-treated in Bermuda, but Dale's experience goes far to refute the assertions. The prisons hulks were not luxurious quarters, and individual cases of oppression existed without a doubt, but there is little evidence to show that the American sailors suffered more than the ordinary discomforts of captives.

One American, Henry King by name, escaped in a truly remarkable manner in July, 1814. King had been pressed into service on board the *Poictiers* under pretext that he was an Englishman, and later was transferred to the guard ship *Ruby*. He purchased a pocket compass from a shipmate, stole one of the *Ruby's* boats at night, and set sail for America, having two loaves of bread and a few quarts of water for provisions. When inclined to sleep he lashed his arm to the

tiller, so that if the boat wore 'round he would be aroused, and thus he sailed for nine days, landing in the vicinity of Cape Henry.

The close of hostilities found the Bermudians in possession of forty-three foreign-built vessels, all prizes, which were added to their depleted tonnage, making a merchant marine of seventy-odd ships. American vessels were excluded from the British West Indies, but Bermuda ports were opened to foreign vessels from the United States, and once more the Bermudians developed a profitable commerce, carrying cargoes to and from the Caribbean.

Their activities continued until the West Indian ports were thrown open to the United States in 1822; then the rapid increase of American and Canadian ships, which were more cheaply built, brought competition that could not be favourably met, and the Bermuda fleet, so long the ascendancy, dwindled by degrees, the phrase "salt, cedar, and sailors" losing its significance as an expression of Bermudian superiority on the high seas. One of the famous fleet, the *Gleaner*, a sloop of twenty tons, lasted more than one hundred years. She was built in 1820, and her stout timbers met sea and storm valiantly. The *Gleaner* carried onions, packed in palmetto baskets, to the West Indies, and for many years she carried freight in Bermuda waters.

A few of the shipping firms held out as long as they could employ crews of slaves, but emancipation, which was proclaimed on August 1, 1834, necessitated the payment of good wages to sailors and practically completed the dissolution of the waning industry. The Bermuda slaves received few religious or educational advantages. They could contract legal marriages, but for a long time were denied the office of baptism. One law enacted in 1730 exempted a master from prosecution if he killed one of his slaves while punishing him, but in the event of deliberate killing the slayer could be fined and compelled to pay the value of his victim, if he were the property of another proprietor. Frequently, slaves were voluntarily freed when employment could not be found for them, but free negroes were subject to deportation under the law. Sometimes slaves who had been condemned to death were reprieved if they agreed to become executioners, and in at least two cases the rule was applied to white prisoners. At different periods the whites were alarmed by conspiracies among the slaves, but on the whole the races lived amicably, and in promulgating the emancipation act the Legislature refused to take advantage of the six years' apprenticeship it allowed.

The immediate extension of the rights of citi-

zenship to the coloured people and an incident occurring in 1835, the year following emancipation, expressed the people's attitude toward slavery. This incident concerned the American brig *Enterprise*, which with seventy-eight slaves on board called at the islands for provisions. Representations by the newly-liberated race induced the legal authorities to hold the vessel and disembark her passengers in order that they might have the privilege of personally deciding whether they cared to proceed on the voyage. All but a woman and her five children accepted freedom, and the *Enterprise* left seventy-two of her passengers on shore.

Virtually every white family held slaves at the time of abolition, and the compensation of £128,000 (\$640,000) awarded to Bermuda was generally distributed. The system had made the whites indolent, but it was unattended by the same variety of demoralising evils which cropped out in large slave-holding communities. There were no great plantations, consequently no large colonies of slaves under a single master; and the seafaring life gave the coloured people a certain amount of freedom and wider opportunities for improvement than would have obtained had they been held strictly to the land. The treatment accorded the slaves is reflected in the present condition of the

race.¹ The Bermuda coloured people are intelligent, well-mannered, contented, and respected by the whites. This respect is reciprocated. The colour line is drawn, the races have separate schools, but there is no race feeling, no race problem, and the political and legal rights of the coloured man are zealously guarded.

It is worthy of note that at the height of their prosperity on the sea the Bermudians advocated their island home as a "nursery," as they called it, for seamen of the Royal Navy, and the War of 1812 so emphasised Bermuda's advantages as a naval station and fortress that ten years prior to emancipation a draft of convicts was sent from England to begin the development of the "Gibraltar of the West." The convicts were employed in building the dockyard at Ireland Island and in the erection of fortifications and other imperial works in various parts of the colony. None was leased to private interests, neither were any discharged in the colony.

The headquarters staff lived at Boaz Island, and the greater number of prisoners were kept in hulks anchored off the dockyard. Some lived in vessels at St. George's. They were sent to

¹ In a number of coloured families there is a strain of Indian blood, due to intermarriage with Pequod and Carib slaves, high cheek bones and straight hair indicating the ancestry.

labour on shore only when the weather permitted; were not exposed necessarily in the sun; and their hours of employment never exceeded eight per diem. With the idea of stimulating the prisoners to behave themselves and so obtain commutation of their sentences, they were classified as very good, good, indifferent, suspicious, bad, very bad, and were kept in separate compartments according to the classification. Their liberal food allowance included a gill of rum each day, and under certain conditions they were paid for their labour. One third of their weekly earnings they were permitted to spend for "articles of comfort," exclusive of meat, beer, and spirits; the remainder was reserved until their discharge. Good convicts were therefore able to carry home a tidy sum. To unruly prisoners the cat-o'-nine-tails was administered in the presence of their mates, "for the sake of example," the number of lashes depending upon the state of the victim's health as prejudged by an attending surgeon. Sometimes a man received five hundred lashes, — enough to keep him in hospital for two weeks and scar him for life. Yellow fever scourged the prison hulks, particularly during one epidemic, and the records of the service were darkened by several murders and violent outbreaks. The last draft was sent home in 1863, without regret on the part of the natives.

The immense sums of money expended in fortifications and the maintenance of the convict service naturally benefited the people, who were slow in adjusting themselves to the change in conditions resulting from the decline of their maritime industry. Farming was their only alternative, but for men trained to the sea it was a difficult pursuit, and the problem was further complicated by the apathy of the Legislature, which had long neglected the colony's internal welfare. But under the intelligent direction of Gov. William Reid, "the good governor," who assumed his duties in 1839, when but two ploughs were to be found in the islands, the people seriously devoted their energies to the soil, producing their far-famed arrowroot in large quantities and increasing their output of onions and green vegetables. Governor Reid's administration of five years marked the beginning of a more enlightened and progressive Bermuda, although the colony existed mainly upon the British taxpayer's gold until the outbreak of the American War of the Secession.

CHAPTER VII

BERMUDA'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR

NEVER again, perhaps, will Bermuda experience such a sudden transformation as that which followed the American War of the Secession. A year before the Southern States seceded the colony was known only as a British military outpost. Its trade was limited; its people were poor and content to eke out an humble existence, following as best they might in the footsteps of their forefathers. Communication with the outside world was restricted, and Bermudians were but mildly interested in fragmentary reports which told of the mighty political contest that was to place Abraham Lincoln in the White House.

The year 1860 passed, Lincoln was inaugurated, the foundation of the Confederacy laid. Sumter fell; on April 19, 1861, the President proclaimed a blockade of the Southern States from South Carolina to Texas. On April 27 the blockade was extended to Virginia and North Carolina, and within five months the Federal cruisers had become numerous enough to close many of the larger Southern ports to sailing vessels engaged in trade with the enemy. In September Bermuda was re-

ported to Washington as swarming with secessionists, and the eyes of the United States government were directed thither in the knowledge that the islands were admirably situated for the operations of steam blockade runners, which were already beginning to make their appearance in Southern waters.

October 21 witnessed the arrival of the first American warship, the *Connecticut*, whose mission was to intercept the rebel steamer *Nashville*, which was supposed to be carrying the Confederate agents, Mason and Slidell, and \$2,000,000 for the purchase of supplies in England. Hearing nothing of his quarry, the *Connecticut's* commander left to cruise south, and in so doing missed the *Nashville*, which in the meantime had slipped out of Charleston and laid a course for Bermuda. She arrived there on October 26, but Mason and Slidell were not among her passengers; they had gone to Havana in another vessel. Taking six hundred tons of coal at St. George's, the *Nashville* got away on her voyage to Southampton before Washington could send another cruiser after her.

It was obvious that Bermuda was to become an entrepot for the Confederates, and its life quickened in response to the tide of events. Cotton was to furnish the sinews of war in the Confederacy, and arrangements had already been made

in England for credit upon the faith of the crop of 1860, and upon that proportion of subsequent crops which the rebel government could reasonably control. The situation was a simple one. English mills needed raw cotton, the Southerners needed munitions of war, manufactured supplies and food. There was plenty of cotton available in Southern ports for the private speculator at four cents and six cents a pound, and the Liverpool merchant foresaw great profits if he could successfully market it in England, where the price had risen to sixty cents in anticipation of a great shortage. The question was one of transportation, but the difficulties were not insuperable. Ships and men were quickly commanded, and with so much energy did the Liverpool merchants prosecute their plans that the United States government was moved, in the latter part of November, to order the *Keystone State* to cruise in the vicinity of Bermuda for the purpose of interdicting traffic with Confederate ports.

Her visit was unhappily timed on account of the diplomatic friction which had arisen over the seizure of Mason and Slidell on board the Royal Mail steamship *Trent*, and her commander received few civilities from the Bermuda authorities. He was refused the privilege of taking government coal, ostensibly because the supply was limited,

and the *Quaker City*, which followed the *Keystone State* into port, suffered a similar experience. The vessels, however, were not denied the right to avail themselves of private supplies, as the *Nashville* had done; nevertheless, the Washington authorities considered the incident of sufficient importance to quote it in their case dealing with the Alabama Claims, as evidence of unfriendly feeling toward the North.

There was no exaggeration in the statement that Bermuda swarmed with secessionists. The winter of 1861-62 revealed to the people the possibilities of their newly-found trade, and their sympathies were extended in no half-hearted manner to the land whence it flowed. If commercial greed ruled their actions, they at least had the excuse of following the example of England herself. At first blockade running direct from England was attempted, ships carrying papers which indicated their destination to be either Bermuda or Nassau, at which ports they might await a favourable opportunity for the dash to their real objective. The *Fingal*, Captain Bulloch, C. S. N., *Gladiator*, *Bermuda*, and *Watson* were four steamers loaded in Great Britain with munitions of war and sent out to Confederate ports in 1861 *via* Bermuda.

It was soon discovered, however, that direct voyages would not be profitable, particularly as

the Supreme Court of the United States had condemned several captured vessels, and the plan of transshipment was adopted. By this device the trade between England and the points of transshipment — Bermuda, Havana, Nassau — was conducted in vessels of large capacity, while a class of swift, light-draught steamers, especially designed to meet the exigencies of blockade running, were employed in the actual work of supplying the Confederacy.

Nassau was a greater station than Bermuda, though the Bermudians had no cause for jealousy. The harbour of Hamilton saw a considerable number of vessels, but the principle centre of activity was St. George's, because of its proximity to the open sea. The older town completely lost its lethargy. Its warehouses were crowded with merchandise, its wharves with cotton and coal; often a score or more of steamers lay at anchor in the harbour. And there roamed about the streets a cosmopolitan crowd of sailors, with whom were mingled Northern and Southern spies and adventurers from the seven seas. There were not enough houses to accommodate the motley crew. Men slept wherever they could, — among the cotton bales, under verandahs, in streets, vacant lots, public houses. They were willing to do anything almost, or suffer any inconvenience for the sake

of one thing — money; that was the bait which had drawn them to the hitherto neglected islands.

There was plenty of money. Tales whispered in the ports of the world had not been embroidered, as these adventurers discovered when they came to Bermuda, and those who knew how could feather their nests. Captains of blockade runners received \$5000 for the run in and out; chief officers, \$2500; chief engineers, \$2500; second and third officers, \$1250; able seamen and firemen, \$250; pilots, \$3750. Pilots were so well paid because, being Southerners, they were not exchanged when captured.

These sums represented gold, not Confederate currency, and in each instance half of the amount was paid as a bounty before the voyage began. Wages on shore were proportionately high, and it was common knowledge that the labourer could afford to live in luxury; but the money went as it came, — freely and swiftly, like the liquor it purchased in the nightly revels. These, too, were days of prosperity for the local merchant. Into his till flowed the capital of blockade skippers who succumbed to the allurements of private ventures, and though he called frequently upon New York as well as England for goods, he had difficulty in meeting the insistent demand. He also served as banker for thrifty sailors, and sometimes in-

duced a friendly skipper to carry a small consignment of shoes or cloth on commission, to the profit of both.

To return to the cruisers. The *Nashville* came back to Bermuda on February 20, 1862, the day after the American consul, Mr. C. M. Allen, had been notified of instructions issued by the British government which forbade men-of-war of either belligerent to take a supply of coal in excess of what would be necessary to carry them to the nearest port in their respective countries, or to some nearer destination. If, however, such vessels had coaled at a British port within three months, they were to be denied a further supply. As the *Nashville* had been accommodated at Southampton before sailing for Bermuda, Mr. Allen tried to prevent her from filling her bunkers; but his protest was disregarded because the instructions had not been officially promulgated, and the cruiser was sent to sea under escort of H. M. S. *Spiteful*.

This incident created a good deal of feeling, which was further intensified by differences arising between the Governor of Bermuda, H. St. George Ord, and Acting Rear-Admiral Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., upon the arrival of the latter, September 27, 1862, with the flagship *Wachusett* and the *Sonoma* and *Tioga*, all of which were attached to the West India Squadron. The Admiral

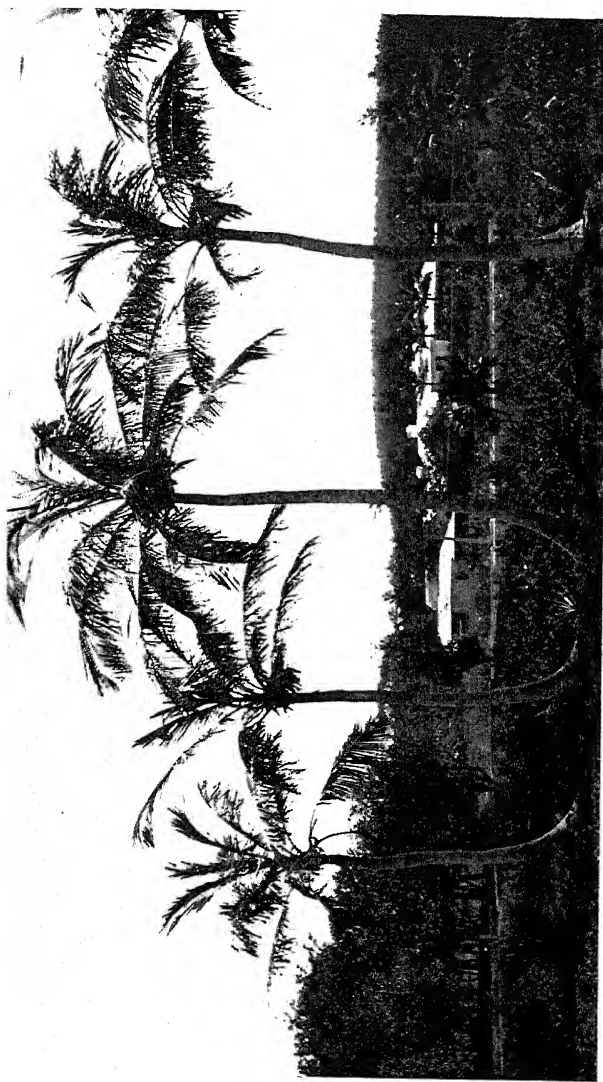
was the same impetuous Wilkes who as captain of the *San Jacinto* had taken Mason and Slidell from the *Trent* ten months before and nearly precipitated war between Great Britain and the United States. He came into St. George's Harbour with the *Wachusett* and *Tioga*, leaving the *Sonoma* to cruise outside for the purpose of intercepting blockade runners. This annoyed Governor Ord, and after two days he sent a naval lieutenant on board to tell Stevens, her commander, that he must either anchor inside the harbor or stand off to sea. Stevens curtly refused to obey any person save his superior officer, and some sharp correspondence passed between Admiral and Governor.

Wilkes complained that in entering port no national flag had been displayed at the staff on shore; that the Queen's proclamation relative to repairs and coaling had been handed to him by a person in "ordinary" dress; and that only after he had sent an officer on shore to tender a salute was that formality carried out, gun for gun. The Governor sent a verbal apology for the delay in accepting the salute, and Wilkes brought the *Sonoma* into port on October 1. Immediately a misunderstanding arose over her right to take coal, the Governor asserting that her supply had been unnecessarily depleted while cruising outside. Wilkes contended that the Governor had already

approved all his plans, and the point was settled in the American's favour without delay. The *Tioga* then went to sea, the *Wachusett*, whose machinery had become disabled, and the *Sonoma* following soon after.

Wilkes himself went direct to the rendezvous in the New Providence Channel, but he had not finished with Bermuda. His instructions to the *Tioga* and *Sonoma* bade them remain in the vicinity of the islands and suffer nothing to escape. He had found, so he wrote Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in his first report, that Bermuda was the "principal depot of arms and munitions of war" for those intending to run the blockade; and he had seen at St. George's seven British steamers preparing to make the run at the most favourable opportunity. His desire to capture or at least to bottle up these vessels led him to institute an extraordinary "blockade," which was not justifiable in view of the fact that England and the United States were at peace.

The *Sonoma* and *Tioga* kept in touch with Consul Allen by boats and signals, receiving information about the movements of blockade runners. On the 5th Commander Rogers of the *Tioga* heard that the little steamer *Ouachita* would try to get away through Chub Cut, a passage in the reefs at the west end, and succeeded in stopping



COCONUT PALMS, GRACEFUL AND LOFTY.

Walter Rutherford

her. Two days afterward the *Gladiator* came out from St. George's, convoyed by H. M. S. *Desperate*. Stevens boarded her outside the marine limit, and while doing so he observed the *Harriet Pinckney* leaving the harbour. Finding the *Gladiator's* papers to be correct, he permitted her to proceed, and steered for the *Pinckney*, which promptly returned to port. The same night a steamer appeared in the offing, and the *Sonoma* prepared to speak her. She ran for the harbour, with lights extinguished, but was stopped by a shot across the bows. She proved to be the Royal Mail steamship *Merlin*.

That was the culminating incident of the "blockade." The Governor's temper had reached the breaking point. On October 10 he despatched H. M. S. *Plover* to notify Rogers that he must not communicate with shore except by special permission. The warning made no great impression on the two commanders, but they were obliged to depart on October 12, having barely more than enough coal to carry them to the New Providence Channel, and the worries of the blockade runners were lightened. In his final report to Secretary Welles, Wilkes characterised the Bermuda officials as "a pack of secessionists," who "were in hopes to get rid of us, but notwithstanding we procured all we wanted."

A strong remonstrance from the British government followed these incidents. Writing to William H. Seward, Secretary of State, Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Washington, said: "I am directed to express the regret of Her Majesty's government that Rear-Admiral Wilkes, who treats with contempt the lawful orders issued by the duly instigated authorities of the British Crown, should have been appointed to a command in which he could not fail to be brought into contact with those authorities."

It was asserted that Wilkes had offensively and unlawfully placed sentinels on British territory; that he had contemptuously evaded orders in regard to coal supplies; and that he had anchored his vessels in a position to control shipping, in addition to cruising in neutral waters in excess of his rights as a belligerent. Wilkes denied that he had tried to control shipping and said he had merely placed sentries at the foot of the gangway while his cruisers were coaling, to prevent the smuggling of liquor on board.

In one of his letters to Governor Ord, Wilkes, referring to the expression, "I have to inform you that the vessel (*Tioga*) cannot be permitted to return within these waters," replied in the following terms: "This I cannot permit; my government alone has the power of instructing me."

The British government objected to this language, but it was upheld by Secretary Seward, and the matter was dropped after an exchange of several notes.

Late in 1862 Major Norman Walker, a Virginian, took up his residence in Bermuda as political agent of the Confederacy, commercial transactions being left in the hands of John T. Bourne, a Bermudian. Major Walker's duties were to facilitate transportation of supplies, smooth the way for blockade runners, and to provide sufficient coal for their use, each vessel taking about one hundred and eighty tons every voyage. The task was not a light one, particularly that part which concerned the coal. The steamers could not burn with safety fuel which would give out a black smoke to reveal their presence to alert cruisers, and as the United States had prohibited the exportation of anthracite it was necessary to keep on hand a large supply of semi-bituminous Welsh coal. Without the assistance of the colliers the blockade runners would have been seriously crippled, for the fleet had grown to amazing proportions through the formation of English companies for the sole purpose of prosecuting the trade.

The craft they sent out were quickly and flimsily built of iron and, in a few cases, steel, at a low cost. Some were propelled by screws, the ma-

jority by paddle wheels; all were picturesquely rakish, with a low freeboard and a turtle-back deck forward, which enabled them to be driven at high speed in a seaway. They drew nine or ten feet of water, and could usually make fourteen knots when pressed, enough to outfoot the fastest cruiser. Their tonnage varied from one hundred to nine hundred, with crews in accordance with their size, the maximum number being fifty men.

Every conceivable precaution was taken to render the slippery vessels invisible at night. They were painted a dull lead colour and carried two low spars with a minimum of rigging and no yards, merely a crow's nest on the foremast for the lookout. Their boats were lowered to the level of the rail, and their funnels could be telescoped in case of emergency. Steam was blown off under water; not a light was displayed in dangerous waters; even the binnacle lamps were screened to all but the helmsman. In the poultry crates no cocks were allowed; such birds could not be trusted to keep silence when the smell of land floated seaward.

Practically all the steamers which ran out of Bermuda cleared for Nassau but went to Wilmington, N. C., — a comparatively easy port to enter, although guarded by a vigilant fleet. Dark nights — the darker the better — were chosen for the

voyage, which could usually be accomplished in sixty hours, if Federal cruisers did not lay chase. Outward cargoes consisted of artillery, rifles, and other munitions of war, billed as "hardware," and sometimes as military supplies; army boots, uniform cloth, medicines and a variety of foodstuffs. Returning, the vessels carried cotton and occasionally rosin and turpentine, as much as could be stowed under hatches and on deck. Invariably they were loaded to the danger line, and only superior seamanship brought them through the winter gales, particularly when they developed leaks under the excessive strain of heavy cargoes.

As soon as a new vessel arrived from England, Mr. Allen sent her description and name to Washington, whence all information was transmitted to the blockading squadrons. He also kept a record of the amount of coal imported by Major Walker. Surveillance, however, did not hamper the operations, neither did the numerous diplomatic protests forwarded to London from Washington. Great Britain maintained that there was nothing contrary to the law of nations in the transshipment of blockade-running cargoes, and put no obstacles in the way of the vessels. The United States was therefore unable to control the activities of the people at Liverpool, Bermuda, and Nassau, and the trade went merrily on. The com-

panies had reduced the business to a science, and so enormous were their profits that they were more than compensated if they lost a ship after she had made two successful voyages. There were losses, of course, about twenty steamers being captured or destroyed between Bermuda and Wilmington, but in the first three years the vessels made their voyages almost as regularly as mail boats. A rather unusual wreck was that of the *Vesta*, carrying nine passengers, including several Confederate naval officers. Her fate is thus recorded in the Richmond *Examiner* of January 20, 1864:

“This was the first trip of the *Vesta* from England. She was a double-screw steamer, perfect in all appointments, and commanded by Captain R. H. Eustace, an Englishman.

“The *Vesta* left Bermuda on the 3rd inst. For seven days she was chased over the seas by a number of Yankee cruisers, and succeeded in eluding them, and on the 10th made the coast in the vicinity of Wilmington. Being compelled to lay to, she was descried by a Yankee cruiser, which gave chase, and in half an hour eleven Yankee vessels were pouncing down upon the suddenly discovered prey. The *Vesta*, though apparently surrounded, ran the gauntlet in splendid style, through one of the most stirring scenes the war has yet witnessed on the water.

“Some of the cruisers attempted to cross her bows and cut her off, but she was too rapid for this manœuvre, and at half a mile’s distance some of the cruisers opened their broadsides upon her, while five others in chase were constantly using their bow guns, exploding shells right over the decks of the devoted vessel. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and the vessel ran the gauntlet, raising her flag in defiance, suffering only from a single shot, which, though it passed amidships, above the waterline, happily escaped the machinery.

“But the trouble seems to have commenced with what the passengers anticipated to be the triumphant escape from their captors; for the captain and the first officer, Tickler, are reported to have become outrageously drunk after the affair was over and the night had fallen. It is said that the captain was asleep on the quarter-deck, stupefied with drink, when he should have put the ship on land; and that at two o’clock in the morning he directed the pilot to take the ship ashore, telling him that the ship was ten miles above Fort Fisher, when the fact was that she was about forty miles to the southward of the Fryingpan Shoals.

“Fifteen minutes afterwards the *Vesta* made land, the pilot having run her so far ashore that it was impossible to get her off. She was run aground at Little River Inlet; the passengers

landed in boats minus their baggage; and, although there were no cruisers in sight, and not the least occasion for precipitation, the vessel, with all her valuable cargo, was fired before daylight by order of Captain Eustace and burned to the water's edge. The cruisers did not get up to the wreck until two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, and they were attracted to it by the smoke from the conflagration.

"The cargo of the *Vesta* was of the most valuable description; three-fourths of it on government account, consisting of army supplies and including a very extensive lot of English shoes. There was also lost in the wreck a splendid uniform intended as a present to General Lee, from some of his admirers in London. Nothing of any account was saved."

Disasters from carelessness were not often recorded. On the whole the companies were admirably protected by the men they employed, the glittering bounties enabling them to get picked crews and the most resourceful pilots and captains. Of the latter the majority were Britishers, including officers of the Royal Navy on furlough, who succeeded under assumed names in screening their identity, even from the Bermudians.

The most famous of all the naval men was "Captain Roberts," afterward Hobart Pasha of the

Turkish Navy. He joined the *Don*, a twin-screw steamer, at St. George's and was *persona grata* at Government House whenever he returned to Bermuda. The American cruisers were ever on the alert for the *Don*; finally one of them got her — but not “Roberts.” “The first remark of the boarding officer was: ‘Well, Capt. Roberts, so we have caught you at last!’ and he seemed much disappointed when he was told that the captain they so particularly wanted went home in the last mail.” So relates “Roberts” in his little book, “Never Caught in Blockade Running.” He did not keep his resolve to drop the business — it was too fascinating. In 1864 he was back again with a new ship, but after one lucrative trip an attack of yellow fever, contracted in Bermuda, put an end to his activities as a blockade runner. “Roberts” made seven voyages and once travelled through the Northern lines from Richmond to Washington, thence going to New York.

Among his naval associates who ran from Bermuda, with more or less success, were Murray (Admiral Murray-Aynsley in later years); Hugh Burgoyne, V. C., who lost his life in the sinking of the ironclad *Captain*; and Hewett, V. C., who died an admiral, after commanding the Queen's yacht. No one knew every member of the adventurous naval company.

Conspicuous among the merchant captains were the mysterious John Burroughs — a naval officer, some called him — master of the *Cornubia*, *North Heath*, *Gertrude*, and *Pavensey*; Coxetter of the *Herald*, who made his trips with surprising regularity; cool-headed J. W. Steele, of the *Banshee*; Peniston, who commanded the *Siren*, a nutshell of a steamer; and Robert C. Halpin, of the *Emily*, in later years captain of the *Great Eastern*.

While the Confederates compelled privately owned blockade runners to include in their cargoes cotton on government account, they also operated three or four vessels of their own and held an interest in several more. One of the vessels flying the Stars and Bars was the *Robert E. Lee*, whose master, John Wilkinson, an accomplished officer of the rebel navy, was extraordinarily successful in dodging the enemy. The *Lee* was called the *Giraffe* when Wilkinson bought her in England for \$32,000. At the end of December, 1862, he took her into Wilmington, where she was transferred to the government and renamed. Under Wilkinson's command the *Lee* ran the blockade twenty-six times, bringing valuable cargoes to the Confederates and carrying abroad between 6000 and 7000 bales of cotton valued at about \$2,000,000 in gold.

On July 16, 1863, while the *Lee* was lying in

St. George's Harbour, the Confederate cruiser *Florida* came in, with the *Wachusett* close on her heels. The *Florida* had sailed from Pernambuco early in May, taking many prizes, among them the ship *B. F. Hoxie*, bound from the west coast of Mexico to Falmouth, England, with a cargo of logwood and \$105,000 in silver bars. The silver was transferred by bill of sale to the Confederate agent and sent to Liverpool by the British brig *Eagle*, and aboard the *Lee* were placed twenty-one chronometers, fourteen quadrants, four sextants, twenty-five compasses and other nautical instruments captured on the cruise, in addition to a quantity of tea and coffee, a donation from the *Florida's* crew to the Richmond hospitals.

Officers of the *Florida* and *Wachusett* studiously refrained from recognizing one another, but the crews fraternized in public houses with that degree of amiability which sailors can always assume. Maffitt, who commanded the *Florida*, carried out his intention of avoiding an engagement by going to sea, but before leaving he received the first and only salute tendered the Confederate flag in Bermuda. Anxious for the honour, he sounded the military commandant on the subject, and after learning that a salute of twenty-one guns would be returned he burned up his powder and received an answer, gun for gun,

the Confederate flag flying from the signal station at Fort George.

The *Florida* took so much coal that the *Lee* could get scarcely enough to carry her to Wilmington. Wilkinson, however, reached there safely, came out again with a full cargo, and was chased, circumstances having forced him to use an inferior quality of North Carolina coal, which smoked profusely but would not make steam. The *Lee* lost ground steadily, and it seemed as if she must be caught, so rapidly did her pursuer come up. As a last resort Wilkinson told his engineer to throw cotton saturated with turpentine into the furnaces, and through this device he escaped, bringing to Bermuda a large amount of Confederate gold. When he was detached from the *Lee* at the end of 1863, he apparently took her luck with him, and she fell into the hands of the Federals on her next voyage.

Bermuda saw the *Florida* twice again, in May and June of 1864. On her last visit Morris, to whom Maffit had relinquished command, effected repairs to the ship and obtained coal supplies and money necessary for a long cruise. Afterward she lay off the islands and boarded incoming vessels before resuming her famous voyage of destruction to Bahia. In the case of this vessel the Alabama Claims Tribunal held Great

Britain responsible for a violation of the neutrality laws.

A few months after Wilkinson left the *Lee* he went to Bermuda and took charge of the *Whisper*, a new steamer just out from England. In his "Narrative of a Blockade Runner" he relates that freights at this time had advanced to such a point that £500 sterling was charged for a small box of medicines which he stowed in his cabin, the only available place left for cargo. Within twenty-four hours after the *Whisper* sailed for Wilmington five other steamers took their departure for the same port. All met heavy weather and the *Whisper* was the only one to land her cargo; the others were either captured or driven ashore.

On October 29, 1864, Wilkinson left Wilmington with the *Chickamauga*, which was fitted out as a cruiser and manned by a crew of "dock rats" and other worthies. Under the name *Edith* she had previously run the blockade from the islands, but as the *Chickamauga* she received scant courtesy on her arrival there on November 7, with a record of having destroyed several American merchantmen. Protests from the American consul prevented Wilkinson from obtaining the coal he needed for a long cruise, with the result that he was forced back to Wilmington.

The Confederacy was fast losing ground; its armies were starving, and the services of the redoubtable Wilkinson were again called into play. He was told to take the *Tallahassee* to Bermuda and return with a cargo of provisions. He did not hesitate, but first he had to purge the ship of her aliases. The Bermudians knew her as the *Atlanta*, a blockade runner; the Confederate navy as the *Olustee* and *Tallahassee*, a cruiser. Wilkinson dismounted her guns, and she received the ironic yet appropriate name of *Chameleon*, with an elaborate set of merchant papers. Thoroughly "whitewashed," as they said at the time, she passed the scrutiny of the Bermuda authorities, obtained her cargo, and was off again to Wilmington. She actually lay under the guns of Fort Fisher, whose energetic commander, Col. William Lamb, "the guardian angel," had saved so many blockade runners from destruction, before Wilkinson discovered that the Federals were at last in control. He promptly turned the *Chameleon* around and ran out for the last time, going straight to Nassau. Maffitt of the *Owl* (the *Florida's* old commander) had a similar adventure and returned to St. George's, his sailing port. There were others, too, some of which were captured.

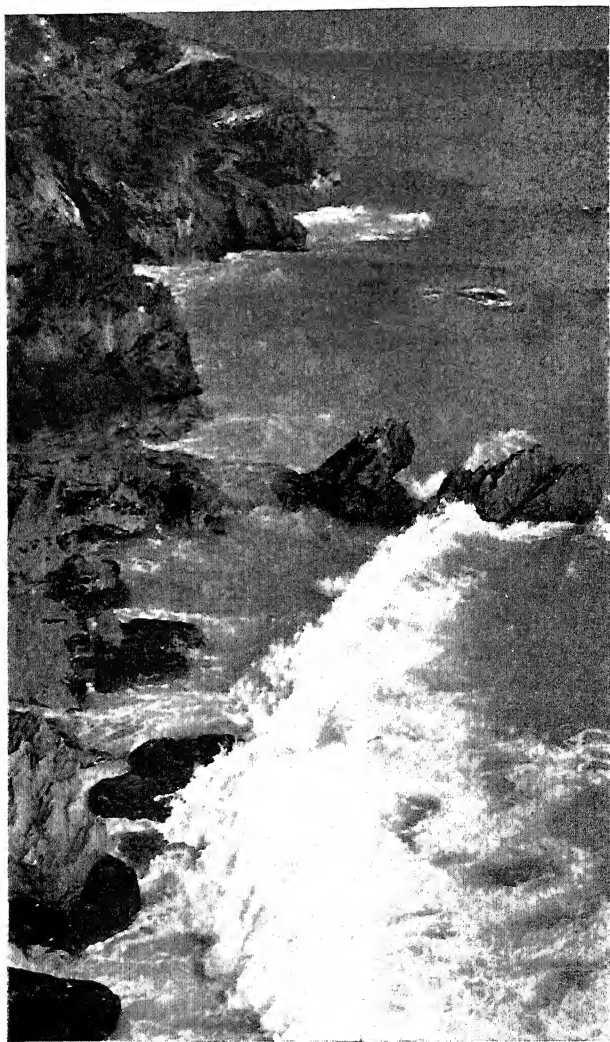
Bermuda had a visit late in 1864 from the no-

torious John C. Braine, whose manner of capturing vessels was that of the pirate. Braine and John Parker, whose real name was V. G. Locke, and a party of eight men, boarded the American mail steamer *Roanoke* as she was about to leave Havana for New York on September 29. They had tickets and passports and seemed to be genuine passengers. That night, at sea, Braine and his men, who proved to be Confederates, overpowered Captain Drew and the *Roanoke's* officers, the majority of whom were asleep in their berths, killed the carpenter by shooting, wounded the third engineer, and took possession of the ship. All of the company, excepting the firemen, were put in irons.

After rifling the ship's safe of \$21,000 Braine laid a course for Bermuda. He anchored in Five Fathom Hole on the evening of October 4 and immediately went to St. George's in a pilot boat. Early next morning he returned with several men and took the *Roanoke* to sea. The following evening she came to anchor again and was boarded by another party of men, who brought information to the effect that a brig would come out with coal and provisions for the steamer. For the second time the *Roanoke* stood off to sea, returning again on the night of October 6, just as the brig *Village Girl* came out of port. October 7 was spent in

an effort to transport supplies from brig to steamer, Braine having arranged for another brig to take the passengers, forty in number, to Halifax. This vessel, the *Mathilde*, flying Danish colours, hove in sight that night, and received the *Roanoke's* passengers and crew, excepting three men, who were in irons.

It was Braine's plan to have the *Roanoke* navigated to Wilmington by a Captain Reid and R. E. N. Boggs, a Bermuda blockade runner, but the sea was so rough that it was impossible to accomplish the task of coaling, and the steamer lay in the anchorage on the evening of October 8, with only a few tons in her bunkers. Without coal the *Roanoke* was useless, and Braine knew that she would be detained if she entered a Bermuda harbour, because the American consul was already addressing protests to the Governor; so without any preliminaries the buccaneering skipper decided to set her afire and proceed to land in a boat. Boggs was aboard when the torch was applied, and in a moment of deviltry he thought for once in his life he would take a shot at what he termed a "live man." Standing before the saloon mirror, he aimed a bullet at the heart of his own reflection, shattering the glass into atoms. In a few minutes flames were leaping from the *Roanoke*.



Walter Rutherford

THE SURF THAT BEATS UPON BERMUDA'S SHORES.

Braine and his followers were taken into court, but upon producing commissions from the Confederate Government, said to have been manufactured over night, they were released after a perfunctory hearing, despite the protests of Consul Allen, who declared they had committed an act of piracy against his country. By a similar ruse Braine and other men, including Parker, had captured the steamer *Chesapeake* in December, 1863, off Cape Cod, taking her to Halifax, and escaping from the custody of the authorities. Braine was accounted a pirate by the United States and was arrested in New York in 1866, but the charges against him were never pressed.

A more sinister figure than Braine came to Bermuda from Halifax about the same time in the person of Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, who purported to be a physician of New Orleans. He was, by the way, an acquaintance of Braine. Yellow fever was then sweeping over the colony and devastating the crews of blockade runners. By asserting that he had a special knowledge of the disease, Blackburn was able to co-operate with the local physicians and sanitary officers, and he was extremely active in assisting all plans for checking the epidemic. He refused offers of a pecuniary nature, either for his services or for expenses he

incurred, and the people were genuinely sorry when he returned to Halifax at the end of a month. Little did they suspect that he was concerned in a diabolical plot to collect the clothing of fever patients for distribution in New York and other Northern cities during the coming summer.

Details of the affair reached Consul Allen in April, 1865, through a spy, who told a circumstantial story of the location of the clothing and its owner. Mr. Allen communicated with the health officer, and the matter was laid before the Corporation of St. George's. While the meeting was in progress, a member of the Corporation, who happened to be a strong Southern sympathiser and a traitor to his associates, signalled to a Confederate spy outside the window. That individual lost no time in notifying the guardian of the clothing, a man named Swan, that trouble was in the air. The suspicions of the Corporation were aroused by the peculiar actions of the traitorous member, and a committee was appointed to search the suspected house, which was reached at the moment Swan was preparing to burn the damaging articles.

The clothing consisted of blankets, sheets, underwear, handkerchiefs, stained with "black vomit"; a number of new garments, and many poultices, the latter being distributed with a view

of incubating the germs, if any existed. There were three trunks, one of which was labelled "St. Louis Hotel, Upper Town, Quebec"; another "Clifton House, Niagara Falls, Canada Side." At the request of Mr. Allen the clothing was taken to the quarantine station at Nonsuch Island and buried with a solution of oil of vitriol.

Swan was sent to jail for "harbouring a nuisance," but his employer had long since been out of the law's reach. The chain of evidence was too strong to absolve Blackburn. He had gathered and brought the clothing to the storage place and had hired the caretaker. So much was proved beyond a shadow of doubt. Whether he acted purely on his own initiative in a spirit of misguided patriotism, or whether he was a government tool, are points not entirely clear. In reporting the affair to Washington, Consul Allen said he believed that Dr. Blackburn's expenses had been paid with funds from the rebel treasury.

That so horrible a scheme should have received official approval seems hardly conceivable, yet Thomas E. Taylor, in his book, "Running the Blockade," cites an instance which shows that there were official hands willing to take up the desperate game. Taylor, famous for his exploits with *Banshee*, *Night Hawk*, and *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, says an "eminent Confederate military doctor pro-

posed to me during the prevalence of the yellow fever epidemic that he should ship by our boats to Nassau and Bermuda sundry cases of infected clothing, which were to be sent to the North with the idea of spreading the disease there. This was too much, and I shouted to him, not in the choicest of language, to leave the office." This incident probably took place at Wilmington, where "yellow jack" caused frightful mortality.

In view of the modern theory of yellow fever transmission, Blackburn's plan, or any other plan, might have proved abortive, even though the details had been carried out; but this can have no bearing on the atrocious motive.

The exposure of Blackburn and the *Owl's* return were the last exciting incidents of the war, so far as Bermuda was concerned. The fall of Wilmington was a stupefying blow to the Bermudians. Their faith in the ultimate success of the Confederacy had never been shaken; prosperity had blinded them to the palpable weaknesses of the South. But now they faced the abrupt ending of a business on which they had thrived for four years. The market for their large stocks of goods had disappeared overnight, and with it the picturesque fleet of blockade runners. Having played the game to the limit, ships and men deserted St. George's as rats desert a doomed ship,

and the townspeople were left to count their losses.

They were mostly losses. A few of the far-seeing merchants came out of the wreck with fattened bank accounts; the majority shouldered a burden of debt which took years to liquidate; and for generations one found in St. George's traces of that financial demolition which came about when Wilmington was lost to the Confederacy.

The growth and extent of blockade running and its influence upon the imports and revenue are seen in the following tables:

VESSELS ENTERED AND CLEARED

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
Hamilton .	107	136	176	140	158	121
St. George's	80	84	138	247	367	143
Total . . .	187	220	314	387	525	264

GRAND TOTAL OF 1897 VESSELS IN THE YEARS OF THE WAR

Imports

1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
£152,887	£164,503	£238,932	£321,427	£371,084	£200,983
\$764,435	\$822,515	\$1,194,660	\$1,607,135	\$1,855,420	\$1,004,915

Revenue

1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
£11,210	£10,245	£13,135	£16,251	£19,642	£24,079
\$56,050	\$51,225	\$65,675	\$81,255	\$98,210	\$120,395

The colony derived no revenue from the immense consignments of munitions of war, pro-

visions, medicine, clothing, and cotton landed there for transshipment, as all merchandise of this description came in bond and was not even subjected to a landing tax. Increase of taxable importations was due to the heavy demands for marketable goods made upon local merchants by blockade runners and by the natives who indulged in speculative ventures.

CHAPTER VIII

BERMUDA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

In beautiful Victoria Park at Hamilton one may see the column erected in glorious memory of the men of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps who fell in the Great War; in the grounds of the Public Buildings stands the Cenotaph. Both are symbols of Bermuda's willing response to Britain's calls to arms. They are also symbols of that intangible bond which links the British colonies and dominions to the Mother Country. The spiritual strength of this bond is charmingly phrased in the "Song of the Keepers of the Western Gate," which was written by Miss Gray, a Bermuda lady, years before the German onslaught:

Empty are our hands:—

For we have neither wealth or lands,

Nor grain or gold to give thee and a feeble folk are
we;

But in very will and deed,

We will serve thee at thy need,

And keep thine ancient fortalice above the Western
sea.

The sea is at our doors,
And we front its fretted floors,
Swept by every wind that listeth, ring'd with reefs
from rim to rim,
Though we may not break its bars,
Yet by light of sun and stars,
Our hearts are fain for England, and for her our
eyes are dim.

Bermuda kept the western gate, for in the early part of the war British warships operating from the islands under Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock drove the German raiders from the North Atlantic lanes and bottled up the Kaiser's merchant ships in American ports, thus preventing them from supplying his cruisers, which were forced into South American waters. Later, Cradock went south and around Cape Horn into the Pacific in search of the German Admiral Von Spee, meeting his death on November 1, 1914, in the Battle of Coronel, after a gallant fight against heavy odds. Two of Cradock's ships, the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, went down with all on board. He was soon avenged. On December 8 Von Spee and his China squadron were vanquished by a squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee in the Battle of the Falkland Islands, the odds this time being against the Germans.

Virtually the first act of the Bermuda government after the declaration of war was to appre-

priate £40,000 (\$200,000) as a gift from the colony toward the Imperial Defence Fund. Martial law was declared, the local troops were mobilized, and steps were taken to strengthen the defences in view of the presence of German cruisers in the North Atlantic. Naturally the tourist traffic underwent an immediate decline and finally dwindled to nothing when the Imperial Government found it necessary to commandeer the Bermuda passenger vessels for war purposes. But Bermuda carried on, though severely handicapped, and the islanders gave freely of their means toward numerous war charities and kept their own men at the front supplied with comforts.

In May, 1915, the first contingent of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps sailed for the front some ninety strong under the command of Major R. J. Tucker. Later reinforcements were embarked, the total force numbering 126. It was not a large number as numbers go, but it represented a large proportion of the white men of fighting age in the colony, each man being a volunteer, for the Corps was not required to serve outside Bermuda. The Bermudians passed through some of the heaviest fighting in France. Of the 126 men who went overseas, 89 were casualties, 40 giving their lives. Their best tribute came from the British Commander-in-Chief who, when asked

if he wanted any more men from Bermuda, said: "Yes, send me along as many more of the same kind as ever you can get."

The coloured population of Bermuda also proved its loyalty to the Empire by recruiting a contingent of 200 odd men, who went overseas with four white officers, Major T. M. Dill commanding. Some of these troops were members of the Bermuda Militia Artillery, others were recruited in the different parishes. They arrived at the front on June 20, 1916, doing excellent work as an ammunition column for the heavy artillery, taking part in the Battle of the Somme, and serving also at Vimy and in the famous Ypres salient. They had ten casualties.

Aside from the men of these two contingents, many Bermudians served in the Canadian and Imperial armies and in the Royal Air Force. Not a few of them won high honors.

Some months after the United States entered the war, Bermuda became Base 24 of the American Navy, with Captain W. G. Cutter as commanding officer. He arrived at Bermuda on April 15, 1918, in the U. S. S. *Arethusa* and left there on January 14, 1919. Base 24 was a way station for American submarine chasers which, on account of their small size and limited cruising radius, were compelled to break their voyage to European

waters in order to refit and take fuel. Many were docked and repaired at the dockyard in Ireland Island. One hundred and twenty submarine chasers crossed the Atlantic to Europe via Bermuda, proceeding in convoys of twelve to twenty-four as they were refitted and made ready for the voyage. One of these vessels, No. 126, grounded and sank near Two Rocks Passage leading into Hamilton Harbour. She was hauled clear of the shoal and floated, but while in tow sank again off the United States Supply Station at Agar's Island, once the site of the Bermuda Aquarium. Fortunately, there were no casualties, the U. S. S. Salem taking off the sub. chaser's crew.

The American bluejacket was a welcome visitor to Bermuda. He spent his money with characteristic freedom, his discipline was excellent, and he upheld the fine traditions of the United States Navy, making many friends for himself and his country. Moreover, the close contact of the British and American naval officers at Bermuda cemented the strong bond which already existed between the two services.

CHAPTER IX

ORIGIN OF THE ISLANDS—CLIMATE AND CHARACTERISTICS

Picture a submarine volcano rising some fifteen thousand feet from the ocean floor; its internal fires are quenched, and there on this mountain top a host of lime-secreting animals (molluscs) takes up its abode. Generation by generation, through countless ages, these little animals carry on their ordained task, leaving behind them myriads of shells which consolidate to form a limestone cap for the volcano. Turn now to the North American continent where ice floods are sweeping over a tremendous area. The glaciers are fed by moisture evaporated from the ocean, the sea level is lowered, the limestone cap rises above the surface. Now the waves grind the topmost layer of shells into sand and the winds drift the sand into dunes which are bound together and by chemical action converted into rock and soil. Turn again to the continent. It grows warmer, the Ice Age wanes and passes, the sea level rises, and the limestone platform with its hillocks is submerged. Other periods of glaciation and deglaciation follow, each repeating the same process and each

leaving its record clearly written on the limestone platform — an accurate time-scale of four ages of ice.

Thus science accounts for the Bermudas, a group of aeolian or wind-built islands with hills and valleys and lagoons, and a barrier reef which roughly marks the limits of the limestone platform and remains the home of molluscs and coral animals. Inside the reefs the water is relatively shallow; outside, on the flanks of the mountain it attains abyssal depths. A few miles southwest of Bermuda are the Challenger and the Argus banks — the hidden summits of two more volcanoes.

Ancient Bermuda covered some three hundred square miles; modern Bermuda has an area of 19.4 square miles or 12,437 acres. The building of the dunes, the formation of the rock, the decomposition of fossils and rock to make the soil — all these processes covered hundreds of thousands of years. How long ago vegetation first took hold of the land no man can tell, but when the soil was ready the winds, the ocean currents, and the birds brought their tribute of seed. Then the bare hills were clothed in green and the work of fitting the islands for human habitation was completed.

The Bermuda group takes the form of a fish hook. St. George's Island at the east end is the

beginning of the shaft; Ireland Island at the west represents the tip of the bend. The reef structure — the most northerly reef on which coral animals live — is an ellipse, the axis running from northeast to southwest. It is about twenty-two miles long and eleven broad in its widest spot. On the south or weather side the breakers follow the shore at distance of a few hundred yards; on the north side they stand out seven miles or more from land. Off St. George's is the one channel for large ships through the barrier reef, and here the pilot is picked up. The passenger sees St. David's Lighthouse, the two entrances to St. George's Harbour, and the obsolete forts and military barracks, symbols of the days when Bermuda was a well-guarded outpost of empire. Over the hills he catches a glimpse of the ancient Town of St. George's. A sharp turn brings the ship around Fort Catherine into Murray's Anchorage. Then she runs the full length of the north shore of Bermuda, finally passing the dockyard at Ireland Island and entering the Great Sound to reach the picturesque channel leading into the harbour of Hamilton, the capital. The last phase of the voyage consumes little more than an hour.

But what of Bermuda itself? First the mind should be disabused of a common and ill-founded

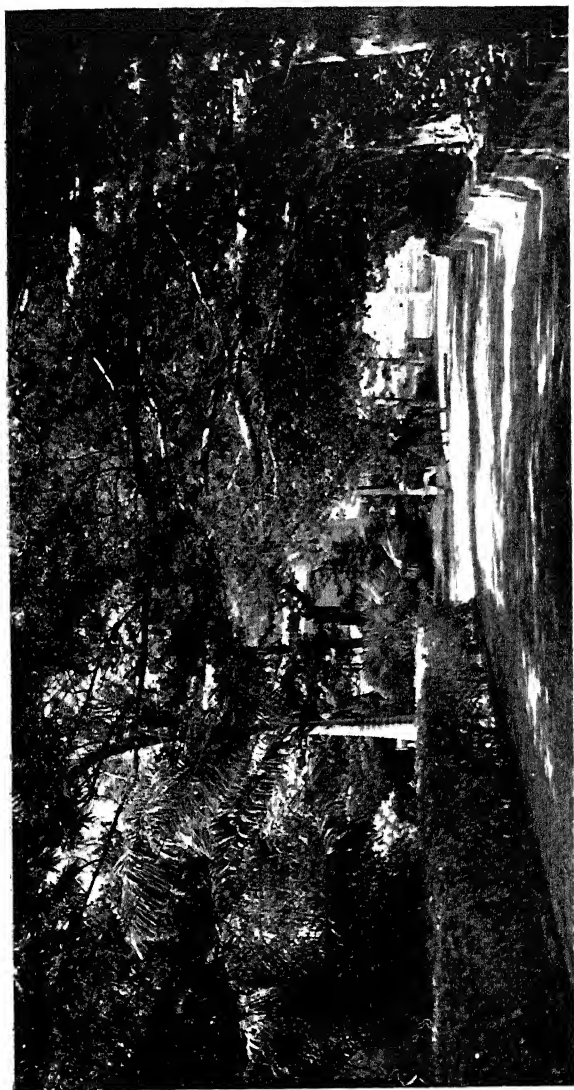
fallacy. Bermuda has no geographical connection with the West Indies. It lies in the latitude of Charleston, South Carolina, far above the tropical zone, the exact bearings of the dockyard being lat. $32^{\circ} 19'$ north, long. $64^{\circ} 49'$ west. The distance between New York and Bermuda, counting from dock to dock, is 700 nautical miles; from Ambrose Lightship, where the voyage begins, to St. David's Head 666 miles intervene. Halifax, N. S., is about 736 nautical miles from the group; Cape Hatteras, the nearest point of the continent, is 568 miles distant.

It cannot be denied that the Bermuda voyage has its discomforts, particularly if the Gulf Stream, whose southern edge is 293 miles from the islands, be churned to anger. But without this strange body of warm water to take the sting from the winter gales Bermuda would be unable to boast of a sub-tropical climate which suffers no extremes or sudden changes of temperature. In winter the mercury ranges about 68 degrees and seldom falls below 50; in summer it rarely climbs above 86 in the shade, the average mean temperature for the year being about 70 degrees. The rainfall is heavy and generally distributed, but the porous soil is nothing more than a huge sponge which soaks up water so rapidly that all traces of a downpour are removed within

a few hours. While the climate is not suitable in all respects to persons with weak lungs, neither fog nor frost occurs, and the extreme purity of the sea air, in combination with the sun, is a gentle antidote to over-stimulation of the nervous system. Individuals who suffer from nervous disorders and heart affections, and convalescents from surgical operations and acute diseases, regain health and strength rapidly in Bermuda.

Meteorological conditions on the Atlantic seaboard naturally influence the winter and spring weather. October, November, and December are usually delightful months; in January, February, and March the weather becomes cooler and there are dry, bracing periods in which light overcoats, blankets, and occasional open fires are comforts not to be despised. April, May, and June are wonderfully calm and pleasant, and then come the southern breezes of summer. The heat of July, August, and September is relieved by frequent showers, and though the sun beats down with surprising intensity, causing a dazzling glare from the white roads and houses, summer temperatures actually do not reach the heights which New York experiences.

Withal the climate is healthy, none is more so — a statement that is made without reserve. Perhaps its best recommendation is the longevity of



A PAGET ROAD WITH A CEILING OF LEAVES.

Walter Rutherford

the people. That fact speaks not for the climate alone, but for the environment in which their lives are spent. Theirs is a land of perpetual delight to the eye, a little world unto itself, law-abiding, peaceful, breeding contentment and hospitality. Its pleasures are the joys of out of doors; its keynote of life, simplicity. Why wonder if the 'Mudians live long and "die of nothing in particular," as they say themselves?

Bermuda is a miniature as to colour and form. Its highest hill is but 260 feet above sea level, its lowest island is a water-washed rock. A popular tradition holds that the islands number 365, one for every day in the year; actually, there are not more than 150, a comparatively few of which are inhabited. Their setting is a sea as changeable as the opal, and so transparent that twenty feet below its surface the eye may follow the coral world and its denizens. Over the white bottom, near the shore the water is shaded into delicate greens; over the shoals it assumes brownish hues; beyond the reefs it varies from bright blue, the blue of sapphire, to deep green. Scarcely for a moment is its colour fixed; a ruffling of the surface, a shadow, a different slant of sunlight — each is sufficient to deepen or brighten the tone, so rapid is the prismatic play.

All the colour is not on the surface. Look be-

neath, through the glass bottom of your boat, as it drifts idly over the submarine gardens. Tall black rods and purple sea fans, having root in the sandy floor, rise upward and wave gracefully in the tide, like tree ferns swept by mild zephyrs. Weeds of many colours, scarlet and green sponges, clusters and sprays of white coral, spiny sea eggs, bulky sea puddings — the Chinaman's delicacy — are scattered about promiscuously, and to ledges of rock, coated sometimes in pink, cling brilliant anemones and more strange weeds, delicate alike in shade and texture.

There is constant play of fishes. The spotted moray coils its length in a coral cavity to watch its prey; grey snappers lurk in the shade of an overhanging shoal; the fishing fish, motionless beside the scarlet sponge, of which it seems a part, sets its baited rod above its mouth to lure harmless shrimps. Gorgeous parrot fishes; angels, fringed with gold; jaunty sergeant majors, bearing stripes of rank; dainty four eyes, red squirrels, white and yellow grunts, schools of silvery fry pass in review, and occasionally, if hunger be pressing, the octopus, ever ready to baffle an enemy by changing colour, is seen to spread its repulsive tentacles for the unwary crab. It is all unique, and very deceptive, too, for the transparency of the water makes every living object seem almost at arm's length.

By contrast the beauties of the country are none the less alluring. Grandeur of mountain scenery is absent, rivers and lakes have no place in the ensemble, but the undulating land is ever changing in its aspect, romantic in its whimsical vistas. The larger inhabited islands are from one to three miles in width, terminating on their ocean sides in abrupt cliffs, undermined by the surf, curiously eroded, carved into fantastic columns, cloisters and arches, like the ruins of ancient shrines — breeding places, be it said, of the shy tropic bird or longtail.

Less precipitous is the shore line of the sheltered sounds and bays, studded with dainty islets, broken by sandy coves, or fringed with dense thickets of mangrove. Here the water is calm and glass-like, a crystal mirror, reflecting faithfully the panorama of hill and dale, so richly clad in sub-tropical vegetation. The cedar or juniper is the most conspicuous and useful tree. Without it Bermuda would be barren and uninhabitable. It attracts the rain, catches the salt spray that accompanies the gales, protects the farmer's "patches" of productive soil. It is, moreover, a durable and ornamental wood, excellent for building purposes and those of the craftsman.

From an artistic viewpoint the cedar's dark, thick foliage is merely a background for brighter,

more diversified flora. Bermuda justly earns its title, "Land of the Lily and the Rose." It is a wild flower garden at all seasons, supporting not only tropical trees and shrubs, but many from temperate climes, excepting those which require the resting period of frost. From January until May rose borders are abloom; at Eastertide the far-famed lily carpets the ground by acres and perfumes the air — an emblem of purity, serene and fair, a pleasing substitute for snow. April sees the oleander arrayed in pink and crimson, a riotous and splendid growth, sending its roots deep into the rock. The hedges, twenty feet high, serve as wind breaks, and hold their blossoms for nine months. A worthy rival of the oleander is the showy hibiscus, of which there are many varieties, all prolific in bloom.

There is no end to the flowers. Morning glory drapes its purple bells over cedars, wild passion vines trail across the rocks; wherever there is moisture and a handful of soil the life plant sends up shoots laden with "floppers." Pin a leaf against a wall, watch it sprout, and cease to wonder why the word "life" is applied to this little plant. Lantana, topped with yellow and red, grows side by side with fennel and the native sage bush; in pockets of sand, hard by the water, sea lavender, sea marigold, and prickly pear find nourishment.

There are hedges of Spanish bayonet, formidable as chevaux-de-frise, hedges of acalypha (match-me-if-you-can), and flowering pomegranate; clumps of broad-leaved bananas, groups of palmetto, an indigenous palm, out of whose rustling leaves hats are made. Avocado pears and seaside grape trees (not vines) are numerous enough to attract attention; and any man's property are the fiddlewood, mulberry, pride of India, pigeon berry, American aloe, and curious pawpaw, with its summit crowned by golden fruit, a remedy for indigestion. In the glades silk spiders weave, and birds of bright plumage, harmonising with the flowers, make sport. The cardinal's cheerful call is the daybreak signal, and in the morning chorus there are notes of bluebird, ground dove, chick-of-the-village, goldfinch, and catbird. There are no snakes, and if insects are numerous the only one to be feared is the centipede, whose bite is easily cured.

When the colonists turned their tribal paths, winding over and among the hills, into highways, they dug into the solid white rock, as engineers cut a bed for steel rails, creating a road system that has peculiar features. One minute you may be on a level stretch, beside the sea; the next may carry you through a deep cutting with cedars meeting overhead in a natural bower to shade the

maidenhair fern that clings to damp crevices of the walls. There are not six places in the islands where you can gaze ahead on the road for five hundred yards; thus you meet unexpected pictures, generally including glimpses of water, at every turn.

The freeholds are partitioned by stone walls, between which on hillside and in valley are pockets of brick-red soil, the "patches" of onions, potatoes, arrowroot, celery, lilies, and parsley. The green of the standing crops is a relief after the sombre cedar, and at the end of harvest it is supplanted by golden sprays of wild mustard, effective while they last and a contrast to the dominating reds of the flowers. Cottages stand half hidden among the cedars, and as likely as not you will find near-by quarries from which builders took the stone for them. If anything causes the stranger to pause, it is a quarry where men are chiselling out big square blocks, while others, with heavy hand saws, are cutting the stone into building sizes and roof slate. The stone is nothing more than a matrix of broken shells, and one wonders how a substance soft as cheese can be used for building purposes. But there is no secret in utilising it. Exposure to air is sufficient to harden the stone, and it will last indefinitely. The majority of Bermuda houses are from fifty to one

hundred and fifty years old, and more solid than the day they were occupied. Construction of wooden buildings is forbidden within town limits; probably there are not more than a dozen excepting military structures in the colony. As the stone successfully resists heat, destructive fires are virtually eliminated.

Mark Twain once said of the Bermuda house: "It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake and has the same unemphasised and scarcely perceptible polish." That description will probably hold for all time. The white stone is eminently suited to the climate. It is cheap, makes a substantial, cool, dry house, and no material could be cleaner. The houses arrest attention; they have the charm that derives from seemingly haphazard methods. For the Bermudian of older days was a shipwright, not an architect. He introduced ship-building ideas into the construction of his houses and churches, locking the cedar beams into the masonry as if he intended they should resist the battering of waves; building big chimneys and stone porches. He looked for comfort rather than beauty and developed his house in accordance with the means at his disposal. He never went above two stories, always made a sloping roof to catch rain water for household uses, and added a verandah if he could afford it. He believed in

plenty of windows, to which he affixed green blinds that pushed outward, thus assuring better protection from the sun than any awning could give. Generally speaking, he created a comfortable dwelling. On his voyages abroad he procured trees and plants for his domain, this being the way in which Bermuda gained many foreign growths that are now common. Every house has its garden, and nearly every garden has a tree or shrub that somebody's grandfather brought from the West Indies, or perhaps it was the Mediterranean or Brazil.

CHAPTER X

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON IRVING, sailing past the Bermudas on a peaceful day, could hardly realise those islands as "the still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare, "once the dread of mariners, and infamous in the narratives of the early discoverers for the dangers and disasters which beset them." In his "Knickerbocker Miscellanies" Irving describes the wreck of Sir George Somers, not very accurately, to be sure, and tells the amusing story of "The Three Kings of Bermuda and Their Treasure of Ambergris." He surmises that the story of the shipwreck and subsequent events on the lonely islands may have furnished Shakespeare with some of the elements of his drama of "The Tempest," saying finally:

"But above all, in the three fugitive vagabonds who remained in possession of the island of Bermuda, on the departure of their comrades, and in their squabbles about supremacy, on the finding of their treasure, I see typified Sebastian, Trinculo, and their worthy companion Caliban. . . . I do not mean to hold up the incidents and characters in the narrative and in the play as parallel,

or as being strikingly similar: neither would I insinuate that the narrative suggested the play; I would only suppose that Shakespeare, being occupied about that time on the drama of the 'Tempest,' the main story of which, I believe, is of Italian origin, had many of the fanciful ideas of it suggested to his mind by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the 'still vext Bermoothes,' and by the popular superstitions connected with these islands, and suddenly put in circulation by that event."

It would be unseemly for an humble writer to enter the long-standing controversy over the origin of "The Tempest," or to attempt to prove that Shakespeare must have had knowledge of the picturesque tracts written by Jordan and Strachy, but one may quote Lefroy without apology:

"The question whether Shakespeare had the *Isla de Demonios* in view in writing the 'Tempest' can scarcely be passed over in treating of the Bermudas. That the play does not contain a single plain allusion, and very few phrases, which, taken apart from their context, have a local colour, is very apparent. The flight of his fancy also divided 'the still vexed Bermoothes' from the island of Prospero by perhaps an imaginary severance; but it was in his time believed that the

true Bermudas were another group not now to be found; and not only are the early accounts very imperfectly descriptive, but it is also obvious that to look for attention to details in such a flight of glorious invention would be dull in the last degree. Malone was assuredly right in considering the circumstances attending the storm by which Sir George Somers was wrecked as having suggested the title and some of the incidents of the play."

Lefroy quotes two passages which, he asserts, go far to prove that William Strachy's narrative, published before the drama's appearance, was the one the poet had before him. As Lefroy indicates, Strachy's description of "clamours drowned in the winds and the winds in thunder," might readily have suggested these lines:

" . . . Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not . . .

The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake."

The second passage is plainly an allusion to St. Elmo's Fire, which Somers called his shipmates to observe:

"I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin

I flamed amazement: sometimes I 'd divide
 And burn in many places: on the topmast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet, and join."

There is also a little touch of submarine Bermuda in the sea-dirge of the airy spirit Ariel:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are the pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong bell."

We may leave "The Tempest" with a quotation from Kipling, who knows his Bermuda almost as well as other corners of the Empire. Writing to the *Spectator* in 1898, he said:

"May I cite Malone's suggestion connecting the play with the casting away of Sir George Somers on the island of Bermuda in 1609; and further may I be allowed to say how it seems to me possible that the vision was woven from the most prosaic material, — from nothing more promising, in fact, than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre? . . . Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original information that those who go to-day

to a certain beach¹ some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II. Scene 2 of 'The Tempest,'—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid'). There is no other cave for some two miles. 'Here's neither bush nor shrub'; one is exposed to the wrath of 'yond same black cloud,' and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all."

Edmund Waller's name has been associated with Bermuda through his "Battel of the Summer Islands," published in 1645, but there is no record to reveal his presence in the islands, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary. The name Waller occurs frequently in Bermuda history, and there is a little promontory on St. David's Island called Waller's Point, where a gold ring bearing the initials E. W. was picked up by a roving boy, but such slender evidence is insufficient to prove

¹ Possibly Kipling had Spanish Point in mind.

that the poet stopped in Bermuda at the time of his exile from England. Lefroy states positively that Waller was never there and brings proof to support his assertion.

The "Battel of the Summer Islands" relates the incidents of a gory fight between two whales and a nation, and the fruitfulness of Bermuda is glowingly pictured in the first canto. Waller was right in speaking of cedar beams of houses and liquor made from palmettoes, but when he sang of taming savages he drew upon his imagination; Bermuda never had an aboriginal inhabitant. Lines from the first canto are herewith appended:

"Bermuda wall'd with rocks, who does not know
That happy island, where huge lemons grow;
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The Hisperian garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergreece is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,
The Prince of trees! is fewel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn;
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadows of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carowsing where their liquor grows.

Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons ev'ry year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things which they
To English landlords, as their tribute pay,
Such is the mould that the blest tenants feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds:
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worn:
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits, and blossoms, on the same trees live:
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime;
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first!

.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plaintain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,

None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my lute, and winds the strings so high;
 With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
 I 'll make the list'ning savages grow tame."

Another literary production, that of Andrew Marvel, has no historical basis so far as Bermuda is concerned. The islands attracted but three prominent Puritans, who probably did not flee from "prelates' rage"; nevertheless, Marvel's beautiful "Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda" has a high place in English literature. It is given here in full:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along
 The listening waves received this song: —
 'What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an Isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own!
 Where He the huge sea monsters racks
 That lift the deep upon their backs;
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage?
 He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels everything;
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air,

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;
And does in the pomegranate close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which thence perhaps resounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.
Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

The true poet of Bermuda is Thomas Moore, that humorous, sentimental Irishman, the poet of Erin, too. Tom Moore came to the islands from Norfolk, Va., by the *Driver*, a Bermuda-built sloop of war, in January, 1804, to fill the rather prosaic post of Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty.

“Oh, what a tempest whirl’d us hither,” he wrote to George Morgan, an attaché of the British Consulate at Norfolk, by way of describing his stormy voyage, and then,

“But bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
Serenely o’er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health!

“Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
That now beneath my window lies,
You ’d think, that Nature lavish’d here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sun-beam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep!

“The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems!

Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
So pictured o'er the waters lie
That every languid bark appears
To float along a burning sky!"

Moore soon became enamoured of Bermuda. It was no great task for him to sing its praises; he wrote of the things as he saw them—wooded islets, limpid water, graceful boats, white cottages, which, said he, "assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples." His descriptive pictures were remarkably faithful—what could be more so than his verses to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegall?

"Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed harbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime!

"The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plantain shades, that like an awning twined

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
 While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
 That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
 Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
 Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
 Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
 Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
 Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
 And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
 Wreathing the structure into various grace,
 Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
 Lighted me back to all the glorious days
 Of Attic genius; and I seemed to gaze
 On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
 Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount."

Though Moore lived at St. George's, he spent many idle hours at Walsingham House, the home of the Trott family, charmingly situated on the banks of a quiet pool, whose waters still reflect the outlines of this historic dwelling. And, if a winding path among the curious grottoes be followed, you will come to that ancient calabash tree under whose branches the poet sat and dreamed and wrote.

“Last night, when we came from the calabash tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play;
And, oh! such a vision as haunted me then
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle.”

So run the lines to Joseph Atkinson.

But it was not romantic scenery alone which tempted Moore's poetic fancy, as his “Odes to Nea” bear witness. In one of these he pleads:

“Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!”

Moore's boyish heart — he was only twenty-five — was touched, as some believed, or perhaps merely fluttered, by Nea — Hester Louisa Tucker, the fascinating young wife of William Tucker of St. George's. The poet said that the ideal Nea of his odes was made out of two “real ones”; nevertheless, his harmless attentions to Mrs. Tucker succeeded in arousing the jealousy of her

husband, and it is related of the latter that he religiously excluded his rival's works from his house. But the genial, warm-blooded Irishman bore no malice. if one may draw conclusions from this rhyme:

“Well — peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
 And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
 To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves
 Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
 And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
 Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
 Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
 May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
 Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd!
 And thou — when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
 Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
 Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
 And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
 I have led thee along, and have told by the way
 What my heart all the night had been burning to say —
 Oh! think of the past — give a sigh to those times,
 And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!”

The alley of limes has disappeared and Nea's childhood home is now a crumbling ruin, but time has served to heighten the memories of Moore's sojourn, all too brief, as it was. In April he left not for the West Indies but New York, having become thoroughly disgusted with his office, which

gave him a pittance instead of the handsome income he had expected. Unfortunately, he placed his affairs in the hands of a dishonest deputy, who embezzled several thousand pounds, for which the poet became responsible in 1818. Fear of imprisonment kept him out of England for two years, but the matter was compromised and Moore actually retained the office of registrar until 1844, the authorities then concluding that forty years of continued absence from Bermuda was sufficient reason for them to supersede him.

In the autumn of 1858 Anthony Trollope was sent to the West Indies to "cleanse the Augean stables of our post office system there," he relates in his autobiography. He ended his tour of duty with a brief visit to Bermuda, a description of which appears in "The West Indies and the Spanish Main."

"Looking back at my fortnight's sojourn there," he writes, "it seems to me that there can be no place in the world as to which there can be less to be said than there is about this island — sayings at least of the sort in which it is my nature to express itself."

Trollope disliked the food and climate; he complained reasonably about the backwardness of agriculture, despite the opportunities afforded planters, the islands having "many gifts of na-

ture to recommend them." He found Bermuda poor. "Perhaps, I should add," he remarks, "that on the whole she is contented with her poverty. And if so, why disturb such contentment? . . . The sleepiness of the people appeared to me the most prevailing characteristic of the place. . . . To say that they live for eating and drinking would be to wrong them. They want the energy for the gratification of such vicious tastes. To live and die would seem to be enough for them. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture, nurtured on the same food, and enjoying the same immunity from the dangers of excitement."

Rather an uncomplimentary characterisation, but the Bermudians, on their part, regarded Trollope as an erratic individual who was more fond of sea-baths than hard work; and perhaps they neglected to welcome him with their usual warmth. However, he could not escape certain of Bermuda's charms. He liked the water and the "singular way in which the land is broken up into narrow necks, islands, and promontories, running here and there in a capricious, half-mysterious manner. . . . But it is mostly the beauty of the sea and not of the land. The islands are flat, or at any rate there is no consider-

able elevation in them. They are covered throughout with those scrubby little trees [cedars] and although the trees are green and, therefore, when seen from the sea, give a freshness to the landscape, they are uninteresting and monotonous on shore. I must not forget the oleanders. . . . The Bermudas might almost be called the oleander isles."

More appreciative accounts have come from the pens of such well-known American authors as the late Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and William Dean Howells, all of whom found delight in the oddities of the "Summer Islands." Mark Twain's first impressions were obtained in 1867, when the steamer *Quaker City* was nearing the end of that memorable voyage described in "The Innocents Abroad." "A few days among the breezy groves," he wrote, "the flower gardens, the coral caves, and the lovely vistas of blue water that went curving in and out, disappearing and anon again appearing through jungle walls of brilliant foliage, restored the energies dulled by long drowsing on the ocean, and fitted us for our final cruise — our little run of a thousand miles to New York — America — home."

Again, in 1877, Mark Twain found Bermuda the "tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too. . . . Bermuda is the right coun-

try for a jaded man to 'loaf' in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into one's body and bones and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair." ("Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion," *Atlantic Monthly*.) Many times after that was written did Mark Twain give "his conscience a rest," by "loafing" in the warm sunlight of Bermuda.

It was in 1894 that Charles Dudley Warner recorded his sympathetic observations in *Harper's Magazine*, saying in the course of a long article: "The honoured descendants of the early mariners and adventurers, who live here as their family generations here lived, with not much to mark their lives, and commonly not an inscription to mark their resting place in the whitewashed tombs in the flower-grown, or sea-lapped, peaceful churchyards — these people in their white bungalows amid semi-tropical gardens are perhaps as contented as any in the world, and as little disturbed by the fluctuations of modern life."

"What will be said to you when you tell that in the Summer Islands one has but to saw a hole in his backyard and take out a house of soft, creamy sandstone and set it up, and go to living in it?" asked Howells. "What, when you relate that

among the northern and southern evergreens there are deciduous trees which, in a clime where there is no fall or spring, simply drop their leaves when they are tired of keeping them on, and put out others when they feel like it? What, when you pretend that in the absence of serpents there are centipedes a span long, and spiders the bigness of bats, and mosquitoes that sweetly sing in the drowsing air, but bite not; or that there are swamps but no streams, and in the marshes stand mangrove trees whose branches grow downwards into the ooze, as if they wished to get back into the earth and pull in after them the holes they emerge from." (*Harper's Magazine*, June, 1901.)

En passant one cannot forget that the late John B. Tabb (Father Tabb, poet and teacher) paid several visits to Bermuda while serving as captain's clerk in the blockade runner *Robert E. Lee*, commanded by John Wilkinson, C. S. N., one of the most successful of all men engaged in supplying the Confederates with munitions of war.

CHAPTER XI

HOUSES AND GARDENS

WHEREVER one goes in Bermuda substantial houses are to be found. Many are the little cottages of colored folk, with a paw-paw tree in the backyard near the water tank, and a hibiscus flaming near the front doorstep, about which a flock of dusky children play. If the place is fairly old, it may be surrounded by a wall to which, as likely as not, clings a climbing cactus, an uncanny, snake-like growth with nocturnal habits, for its flowers bloom after sunset. Other dwellings, more pretentious, have butteries, out-buildings, and gardens enclosed by massive stone walls; these have acquired that atmosphere and charm which age and pride of ownership so successfully create. They are not estates in the broad sense of the word; they are just friendly places in a land where Nature is friendly.

Through their houses the early Bermudians expressed themselves and their ambitions. They built well and cherished their dwellings; the proof is apparent today. They also conferred, unconsciously perhaps, a lasting benefit upon the colony, for in setting the example of good housing they

implanted a social doctrine which, in whatever land it takes root, strengthens the morale of the people and gives them a sense of civic pride and responsibility.

It was indeed fortunate that excellent building materials were available for the colonists. Necessarily, in the beginning, they resorted to makeshift; they raised huts of palmetto leaves, which afforded some shelter, but were not very serviceable. Next they made use of the cedar — a wood that gave not only houses but furniture, boats and small ships. Finally, they discovered that in the hills was an inexhaustible supply of white stone, admirably suited to building purposes. This material, composed of calcareous shells, was soft and easily worked; it could be cut into blocks with a saw and into “slates” for roofs; it gave lime when burned and the lime, mixed with sand, provided cement. Moreover, the stone became durable when exposed to the air and lime-washed. For beams and floors there was the cedar — Nature’s supreme gift to Bermuda.

To Governor Nathaniel Butler belongs the credit for erecting in 1620 the first stone public building — the Town House at St. George’s — “by way of example and invitement to others to doe the like, as most proper for the nature of the place and climate, in respect to titeness against

the violent dashes of raine, of strength against the mightie windes and soudaine hurricanoes, and for cooleness, by the thicknesse of the walls and the forme of the rooffe; and besides, most necessary in regard of the substance; for the saueinge and preservation of timber, which in a short time (if wasted as heretofore) must needs fall out very short and geason [inferior]."

In these words Butler explained his purpose, but it was some eighty years before stone houses were generally built. Perhaps the delay was advantageous because, in the meantime, Bermuda had ceased to be a proprietary colony of tenants, working for landlords in England, and was now a domain of freeholders firmly settled on the land. Freeholders they were, but not farmers, for the sea offered greater opportunities; the land was simply a haven to which they could return after their voyages in ships which they themselves had built for trade with distant ports. Many of these Bermudians were sturdy captains and shrewd traders and in time they were able to realise the sailor's traditional dream — a house and a garden. And, as sailors and shipwrights, they gave to their house-building operations a nautical flavour; that is, they worked into their dwellings certain sound principles of shipbuilding. Undoubtedly, the rural dwellings of old England gave inspira-

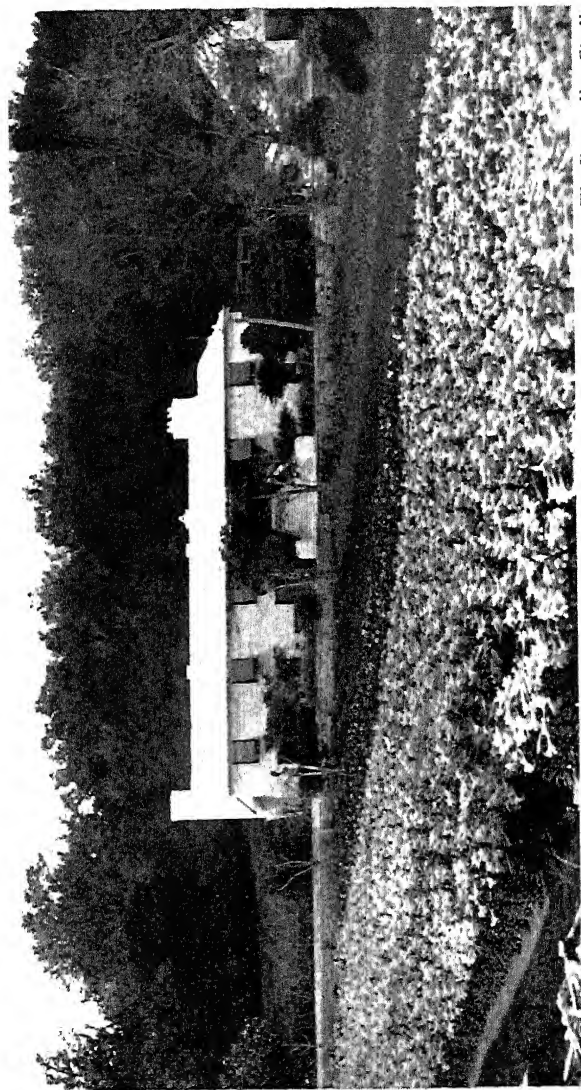
tion to their architectural efforts; but in their modifications of the original model they achieved an effect that was wholly Bermudian. Simplicity of line was the keynote; and simplicity was maintained when growing families demanded the addition of projecting wings. "This was naturally done in a rather haphazard fashion," says Professor John S. Humphreys in "Bermuda Houses," "but frequently with a distinct feeling of symmetry and order. The irregular additions were of great variety, sometimes producing by chance masses that composed in picturesque fashion. At other times the final outcome of successive additions was less fortunate with its complications of roofs and gutters. But the usual luxuriance of surrounding planting, the patina of age, and the very naiveté of arrangement makes even these acceptable."

Let us then enter the gate of a typical Bermuda garden, part of which may readily be the quarry where stone was cut and chiseled to build the house and its surrounding walls. The trees, the vines, the shrubbery have taken possession of the walls, made a green setting for the white house, and given it an atmosphere of intimate seclusion.

The entrance to the house is a flight of brick steps, with stone parapets on each side. At the top landing the parapets curve outward, and Ber-

mudians call this odd arrangement the "welcoming arms" — a symbol of native hospitality. Close to the house is a most important object — the tank — into which flows Heaven-sent water caught in deep gutters on the roof of the dwelling. This is the family supply and a clean, lime-washed roof is essential to its purity. Nearby, or perhaps attached to the house, is the buttery, a peculiarly Bermudian institution. It resembles a tiny pyramid, with thick walls, shuttered ventilators, and a high-peaked roof. Here before the days of ice in Bermuda, the family kept its perishable food. Another outhouse, the old slave quarters, contains an open hearth and a brick oven. It is now a store-room or perhaps a guest house; draped in pink corallita, it is essentially a part of the picture.

The garden is a natural oasis without formality; no landscape architect has had a hand in its making. Yet there is a variety of planting and a pleasing blend of colour by no means confined to the flowers, for the leaves of many tropical plants are colorful in themselves. A Bermuda garden without a clump of bananas is hardly typical; here they are in flower and in fruit. And there are other fruits — wonder lemons, limes, the Surinam cherry, loquat, pomegranate, and an avocado pear for good measure. The tall cedar that towers



The Bermudian Studio

EASTER LILIES IN A CHARACTERISTIC SETTING.

above the house has sentimental value, apart from grace and beauty. As an insignificant seedling it decorated the wedding cake of a bride and was planted by her, according to tradition. Hence it is a wedding cake tree and a family treasure. Its topmost twig is reserved for a daily visitor, the garden's cardinal, who comes at daybreak to sing matins and at dusk to trill his evensong. A cheerful soul with a sweet voice, he is more shy than the ground dove that runs along the path, or the noisy catbird, in the thicket of pigeon berry. Another cedar, not so precious, is covered with Rangoon creeper whose white stars pop open at sunset, only to turn pink and again a darker pink, in a few hours. There is little shade beneath the cedars, or under the rustling leaves of the palmetto, but the poinciana is a royal green umbrella, cool to the eye and delightful in all respects.

Along the borders are plants familiar to northern eyes and many that flourish only under the southern sun. Roses give themselves little rest; they bud, bloom and repeat the process through the year. Geraniums are almost shrubs, so vigorous do they grow; the nasturtium is a powerful vine. There is a profusion of phlox, balsam, begonia, periwinkle and gaillardia; there are lillies, too, the Easter lily, calla, eucharist, and amaryllis. If one attempted to list all that the borders

contain the result would be a botanical catalogue, but one cannot omit a few of striking oddities: the snow plant, for instance, mingling white leaves with green; the croton, streaked with red and yellow; plumbago, sky blue; the exotic Chinese paper plant; the delicate quaking grass, the plumed pampas grass; poinsettia, the Christmas flower of northern florists; the desert plant, bearing perforated leaves through which the sand can blow, and a fruit protected by a monk's white cowl which obligingly curls back at maturity to admit the sun and hasten the ripening process. A corner of the wall is completely hidden by the purple bouganvillea; the blue solanum has another section; thunbergia spreads a golden yellow against weathered stone. Shrubs, plants and vines — all mingle their blossoms. Some are at their best in winter; others prefer to display their glories in summer; whatever the season the garden is never without colour, even though the sun scorches and a dry spell withers the foliage. Every garden, however humble, has its memories; one grateful memory of this garden is the beneficent shower that falls suddenly and releases the fragrance of soil and vegetation. It is the fragrance of the good earth, soothing yet indefinable.

There are Bermuda gardens that achieve a measure of formality. Some of these, relatively

new, were made under the direction of landscape architects to whom the Bermudians must give thanks for introducing decorative plants and shrubs hitherto unknown in the islands. But no credit attaches to architects and builders who, in designing new houses, have departed from the original native model and erected dwellings that might be suitable for other lands, but are wholly out of place in Bermuda.

CHAPTER XII

BERMUDA FROM A RAILWAY CAR

BERMUDA'S unique geographical layout, with its garland of islands scattered over a painted sea, created not only a notably picturesque effect, but a difficult problem in transportation for its people. "The whole and uniursall bodye of the Islands put together consist of divers small broken peeces of drye land seuered one from another by certayne narrow breaches and inlets of sea." Thus spoke the first General Assembly, which further pointed out the inconvenience of travel in the new-born colony. Hence the General Assembly in 1620 passed acts for the making of highways and for the building and maintenance of bridges at strategic points. So began a road system that was destined to have a profound influence on the social and economic life of Bermuda.

Boats and tribal paths sufficed the early settlers; unless they followed the sea they were casual travellers, many of them never going beyond their parish boundaries. They were content to live placidly within sight of their own hearthstones; whatever lay a few miles beyond gave them no great concern. One of the first important acts of

their leaders was the introduction of cattle; horses came later; much later still came carts and carriages; and slowly there evolved a comprehensive highway system that made Bermuda known as a land of good roads long before the "good roads" campaign had gained headway in the United States.

In this connection one recalls the bicycling furore of the 1890's which brought to Bermuda hundreds of American cyclists with their nickel-plated high wheels and what was then known as the "safety." They came not singly but in clubs, and they scorched the white roads with characteristic ardour. Incidentally, they returned home to preach the doctrine of good roads; and they proved to the Bermudians that the bicycle was a vehicle admirably suited to their needs. The result was that Bermuda quickly took to the wheel and made it an important factor in local transportation.

Horse and bicycle served admirably. To be sure, the time consumed in travel was out of all proportion to the distance covered, but there was no need to hurry in leisurely and conservative Bermuda. When, however, the colony reached out into the tourist market a different situation arose. The tourist influx led to the construction of new hotels, the development of a greater variety of

business enterprises and services, and it put a heavier load on the liverymen. It became apparent that a more efficient and economical system of transport was necessary.

The automobile was the answer. Motor buses were imported, but they did not meet with general approval. It was argued that the roads were too narrow, and the turns too sharp for motor traffic. Moreover, the horses did not like their mechanical rivals; accidents added finally to a storm of disapproval. This experiment was the beginning of a protracted and often bitter controversy. In 1908, after a short trial, the buses were banished by act of the Colonial Parliament. Nevertheless, the experiment lasted long enough to divide the Bermudians into two camps, one favouring the return of motor vehicles, the other standing by the traditional horse and carriage.

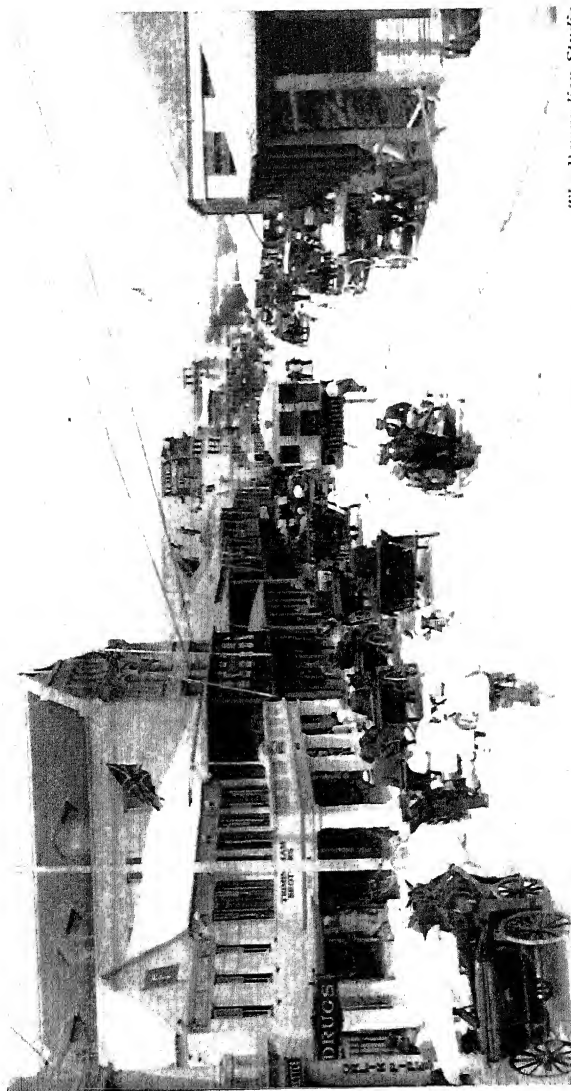
Repeatedly the motor advocates pressed their claims on the Colonial Parliament and as often they were beaten. Some of them would have been satisfied with a restricted motor bus service under government supervision; others demanded the unrestricted entry of automobiles. Parliament was moved by the agitation only to the extent that government and local authorities were permitted to import automobiles and tractors for utilitarian purposes and to motorize fire and

ambulance services. The legislators realised, however, that a broader compromise was desirable in order to meet the persistent demand for quicker and cheaper transportation — a demand emphasized by the growing volume of tourist traffic—and finally, in 1924, Parliament granted a franchise for the construction of a standard guage railway with motor-driven cars drawing trailers.

The Bermuda Railway Company, organized to carry the plan into effect, met with numerous financial and engineering difficulties. Not the least of its difficulties involved the acquisition of its right of way. In some cases property owners were not disposed to give up their land; in other cases high prices were demanded of the company. The various legal proceedings for acquiring the right of way delayed the project unnecessarily, added considerably to the estimated cost of construction, and compelled the company to seek extensions of time for the completion of the work. Patience and persistence conquered after seven years, and on October 31, 1931, the Hamilton to Somerset section was formally opened. Two months later (December 23) the Hamilton-St. George's section began operation. Thus a new era opened in Bermuda, and the kingdom of the horse was shaken, if not shattered.

In a larger country the Bermuda Railway would be called a motorised trolley road, but in Bermuda it is the "railway" — something that binds the colony together in a way hitherto deemed impossible, changes old habits of life, and creates traditions far different from those that surrounded the horse-drawn victorias. Railroad history is replete with illustrations of similar transitions. Before the railway had long been in operation, the Bermudians rediscovered their country. On the route they found unsuspected vistas and areas that had formerly escaped their attention; also, they were confronted with an optical illusion — the islands seemed much more extensive. They realised, too, that the engineers had created not only an object of utility, but a scenic route which lent itself to floral embellishment. Why not, said some of these travellers, encourage Nature to heal and cover the scars of construction and so make a railway of flowers? In the Bermuda climate vegetation needs little encouragement; even before the suggestion was made, Nature had begun the healing process.

Let us take a glimpse at Bermuda from the railway, going first from Hamilton to Somerset. One may travel first or second class; in either case the accommodations are comfortable. The cars are roomy and the windows large; they might be



The Bermudian Studio
THREE MODES OF TRANSPORT — BICYCLE, CARRIAGE, RAILWAY. FRONT STREET, HAMILTON.

called observation cars, without stretching the imagination. Boarding the train in Front Street, one is carried along the length of Hamilton Harbour, with its shipping, its yachts and speed boats, and the Paget shore lying across the blue water. The city is now left behind, the train swinging south over a trestle into Paget East. King Edward Hospital and the Agricultural Station are passed, the line curving deeper into Paget and heading west. Stations or "halts" are not spaced far apart and no attempt at high speed is permitted. Safety, rather than speed, is the order; hence one can enjoy the country. On this section, particularly in Paget and Warwick Parishes, one gains the impression of spaciousness, perhaps because, for a short period, there is no view of the water. The hills, clothed to their tops with cedar, seem to close about the railway; the valleys fall away gently. Here is rural Bermuda at its best, with gorgeous splashes of color where the oleander flaunts its red, pink and white. Morning glory creeps up an embankment to the rails, weaving a blue and green carpet; below is a patch of red earth, a farm clearing; nearby the farm house, with a banana patch; here and there a palmetto, or perhaps a pigeon berry or a hibiscus.

The scene changes — landscape merges into seascape. Riddell's Bay appears, the Little

Sound, the Great Sound, sweeping widely to the Dockyard. The sun is on the water, playing its prismatic tricks; it bathes the hills and sharpens the outline of every rock and tree. We are now in Southampton, not far from the north shore. Striking inland again, the train skirts some of the richest farming country, then goes on to Somerset Bridge, which joins Somerset Island to the Main, and finally to the terminus near Mangrove Bay. The last stage of the journey is captivating. Somerset, with its bays and its beaches, its comfortable villas and peaceful gardens, and its tall, sturdy oleander hedges, lays claim to being one of the most beautiful spots in Bermuda. No one disputes the claim.

Now the eastern, or Hamilton-St. George's section, virtually an "all-water route," contrasting sharply with the rural scenery along the western line! Leaving Front Street through a short tunnel, the train curves around the recreation area, an ambitious project reclaimed from Pembroke Marsh; passes under the brow of Mount Langton, atop which stands Government House; and winds through the backyards of North Village. Here we come to the Atlantic; the picture is a mosaic of ocean, rock-strewn coast line, tiny boat harbours, hill and dale, the whole bathed in brilliant sunlight. The rails descend gently toward the

water, soon reaching the trestle over the Flatts Village inlet, a miniature harbour whose beauty is locked in memory for all time. There is a fleeting glimpse of Harrington Sound into which the harbour pours its tides; one looks down upon cottages and gardens, always smiling and inviting. East of the trestle is the station where passengers alight for a visit to the Aquarium, merely a few steps down the road.

Before the next "halt" the traveller has crossed a characteristic white beach — Shelly Bay — and has discovered that there is a variety of beauty in the eroded rocks along shore. At the Crawl and again at Bailey's Bay, the rock-lovers — they are not a small minority — find superb examples of that form of sculpture which Nature, using the wind and the sea as her instruments, alone can fashion. Sliding along, we reach the eastern end of the Main, crossing Coney Island, and the swing bridge that ends at Ferry Point. This is a pioneer route; here generations of Bermudians used a flat-boat ferry to reach St. George's Island, discarding it after the Causeway was opened for traffic. Coney Island, far different from New York's scintillating Coney, has a small isolation hospital and an ancient salt house — relic of an almost forgotten industry; on Ferry Point is a Martello tower and ruins which recall the day

when the point was an important military post.

The view here is unusual, even for Bermuda. On one side is the ocean, on the other is the Reach, the inside water passage to St. George's Harbour. Bordering the Reach on the south is the Causeway, beyond that highway is Castle Harbour, with its outlying islands, bleak and lonely, in the distance. Thus the north and the south shore are within the range vision. The train proceeds along the north shore of St. George's, high above the water. The land here has suffered severely from deforestation, for which the original settlers must be blamed. The cedar is scrub, there are out-croppings of rocks, old and weathered, but in the thin soil lantana and prickly pear thrive, and the oleander, never discouraged, maintains a foothold. On the run from Ferry Point, one sees the Biological Station at Shore Hills on the Reach; and then Mullet Bay, the train emerging through the backyards of Wellington to the main highway. Then comes the ancient capital, St. George's standing beside its spacious harbour. The terminus is at Sunnybank wharf, the steamship landing. A few minutes' walk takes the passenger into town, and he will probably agree, after roaming around St. George's, that if the railway had been carried into the heart of this old community, its character and much of its

gracious charm would have been forever destroyed.

Such is the Bermuda Railway and such is Bermuda from a railway car. Those who accept the implements of progress but do not forget the past, will recall the intimate fellowship of the road which prevailed when the rickety, horse-drawn buses — incomparable bone-shakers — were the time-honoured mode of conveyance for travellers who could not afford to hire a rig for the day. In theory, the bus was a passenger vehicle; in practice, it was an express wagon loaded with groceries, household goods, turkeys, chickens and dogs, and draped with bicycles, beds, matting and rolls of oilcloth, all securely lashed. But there was always room for an extra passenger, even if the driver had to give up his seat and stand on the wagon pole.

The driver was more than a pilot; he was guide, philosopher and friend to the people along his route. He did their shopping in town; he delivered his commissions faithfully; he carried the grist of news from parish to parish; he bore tidings of the sick; he conveyed written and verbal messages; he knew the daily crop prices, and he was weather wise. Always he was patient and good natured; his friends were many.

Now he is gone and with him something that was a characteristic bit of Bermuda road life as it was in the days before the railway came.

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE ROAD — POINTS OF INTEREST

DESPITE the fact that Bermuda has a railway and is wedded to the bicycle, the ruler of the road is the horse and the music of the road is the clatter of hoofs. To be sure one sometimes hears the horn of a motor lorry and the purr of its engine — which suggests a paradox: In Bermuda the automobile exists for some; for others it is non-existent. If a Bermudian is a road mender with rating as a government employee he may have the opportunity to ride in a motor vehicle; if he is private citizen, or even an official of high rank, he rides behind a horse. The automobile is simply a unit of government reserved for heavy work and has no other standing under the law. All this is accepted with good humour by the tourist from the world of motors overseas. In truth he takes kindly to the horse and carriage; it moves him back to another day and he actually finds virtue in the old way of travel, slow as it may be. And he takes kindly to the coloured driver who acts as his courier on sight-seeing expeditions. The driver is somewhat of a personage. He has been on the road since boyhood; he knows his land-

marks; his store of local history as it has been handed down by word of mouth, is far from inaccurate. Moreover, he is a rough and ready botanist, for a knowledge of trees and shrubs and flowers is part of his stock in trade. He uses the broad British "A" and he is proud of his country and of his allegiance to the Union Jack.

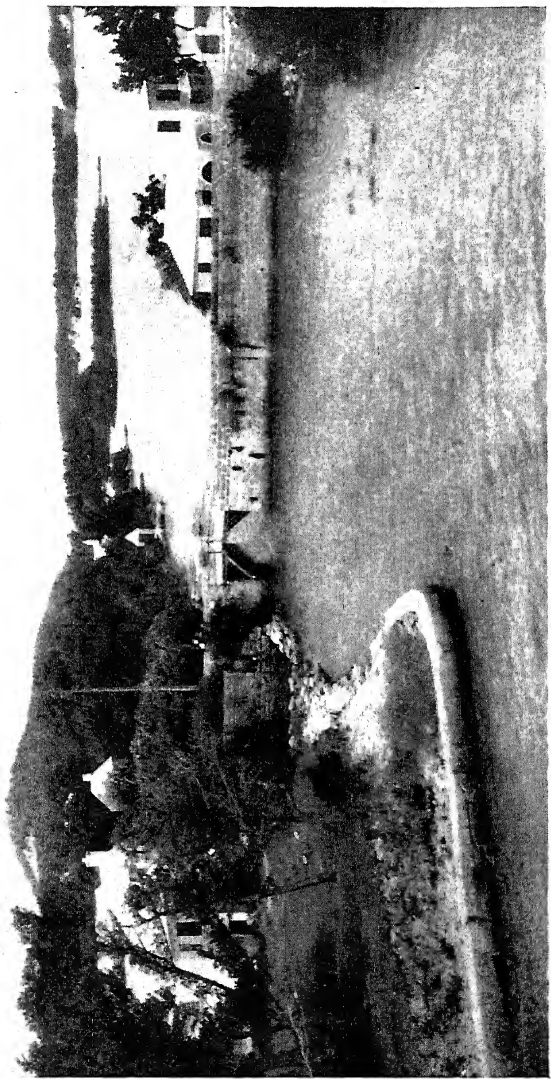
Sight-seeing by carriage has a social flavour. Be it remembered that Bermuda is so compact and its life so interwoven that courtesy is an inherent attribute of all Bermudians. One hour on shore is sufficient for the stranger to learn that it is correct to pass the time of day with every man, woman, and child, white or coloured, and that the roadside salute he receives is the outward manifestation of native hospitality, intended to make one feel at ease in a land where small amenities of life count for much. Simple gesture that it is, it warms the stranger's heart; he is recognised as a guest and made welcome.

Take a look at Bermuda from a carriage; you may drive from one end of the group to the other without ferrying. St. David's Island is joined to St. George's by bridge, and St. George's to the Main, or Bermuda proper, by a causeway nearly two miles long. From the Main a succession of bridges leads to Somerset, Watford, Boaz and Ireland Islands, thus completing a continuous

roadway of some twenty-odd miles. Parallel and intersecting roads enable one to visit the byways and so it is possible to get a true picture of Bermuda from all aspects. This chapter is an attempt to convey the picture, the different localities, beginning at the west end, being grouped under separate headings.

IRELAND, BOAZ, AND WATFORD

These islands, which are reached by ferry from Hamilton, as well as by road, are reserved for the Royal Navy, Bermuda being the headquarters of the America and West Indies Squadron. The dockyard at Ireland, with its massive limestone machine shops and warehouses, is like a bit of old England transplanted in Bermuda. The shops are equipped with modern machine tools and are busy places when the ships are refitting. A powerful floating drydock, capable of lifting 17,500 tons, is moored within a breakwater on the south side of the island. The yard is open to visitors. One of its relics is a bell supposed to have belonged to H. M. S. *Shannon* and damaged in her engagement with the United States frigate *Chesapeake* off Boston, on June 1, 1813. In the early part of the nineteenth century, when drafts of convicts were sent to Bermuda to build the dockyard, the forts, and other military establishments,



SOMERSET BRIDGE AND ELY'S HARBOUR.

The Bermudian Studio

toward the mysterious stone pile. In these documents, too, are related traditional tales of how the treasure was buried, and how ancient and credible inhabitants had seen phantom ships sail about Cross Island and "fire drakes" alight upon it. Some years ago it was suspected that treasure had been retrieved at Spanish Point by a visitor to Bermuda. The evidence of his search was apparent, but he escaped from the islands before he could be questioned.

SOMERSET AND SANDYS PARISH

Leaving Watford, one crosses to Somerset Island by the swing bridge over the entrance to Mangrove Bay, where Captain Ord's powder ships are supposed to have anchored (see Chapter V). Mangrove Bay, an alluring inlet fringed by small islands, is the western terminus of the railway. One quickly succumbs to the attractions of Somerset: its comfortable houses, its gardens, long under cultivation; its tall, flower-laden oleander hedges, its harbours and beaches. The residents of this community, proud of their heritage, have successfully endeavoured to retain the atmosphere of old Bermuda, and that is not the least of Somerset's charms — charms that have attracted to the island numbers of artists and writers. The highroad from Mangrove Bay passes the parish

church, St. James's, and leads onward over Scaur Hill to tiny Somerset Bridge, which joins Somerset to the Main. Under this bridge the tides of the Great Sound meet those of Ely's Harbour, an exquisite sheet of water, broken by clusters of islands and dainty coves. Here at Gibb's Point across an inlet called The Scaur, are the Cathedral Rocks, a striking example of eroded limestone. Another landmark is Wreck Hill, standing on an arm of land partly enclosing Ely's Harbour, and looking out upon the southwest breakers, the graveyard of many fine ships. An oddity of Somerset Bridge is a trap door that is lifted to give room for the masts of fishing boats passing through the channel. On the western side of the island is Long Bay, sweeping in a graceful curve to Daniel's Head, which is virtually land's end. The greater portion of Sandys Parish, named for Sir Edwin Sands, one of the shareholders of the Bermuda Company, is included within Somerset Island. The name Somerset is accounted for by the fact that Sir George Somers, upon his return from Virginia in 1610, intended to establish a plantation on the island, which was to be known as Somers Seate.

SOUTHAMPTON

Below that part of Sandys on the Main is

Southampton Parish in which during the days of settlement the Earl of Southampton held land, hence the name. Some of the best soil is found in Southampton and also some of the most progressive farmers. The main road, a continuation of the highway that runs through Sandys, follows the north shore to Jew's Bay, whence a spur climbs to Gibb's Hill Lighthouse. From the observation gallery of the lighthouse, three hundred and sixty-two feet above sea level, Bermuda appears as a great relief map set in a blue frame that is the ocean. From Hamilton in the northeast the panorama sweeps westward across the islands of the Great Sound to the dockyard, thence to Somerset, finally to the foaming southwest breakers. Below are the farms of Southampton; and as one circles the gallery the hills and valleys of Warwick and Paget, and the contours of the central and eastern parishes come within the range of vision. Roads, the railway route, bays and lagoons are neatly etched into the map.

The lighthouse is an iron tower rising one hundred and sixteen feet, with a petroleum vapour incandescent lamp, the beam being projected by a revolving lens. The flash is visible about twenty-eight miles. The lighthouse went into service on May 1, 1846, and from time to time improvements have been made in the apparatus. With its half-

million candle power, Gibb's Hill ranks among the major lighthouses of the world.

A visit to Southampton is not complete without a detour from the north to the south longitudinal road, beginning at the parish church of St. Ann's, by the sea, the locality being known as Port Royal. St. Ann's is unique among the parish churches in that its services are held to the accompaniment of the ocean surge, which is never subdued.

A story told about a former rector of St. Ann's illustrates the character of the old seafarers hereabouts. Not a few Bermuda captains rested under the suspicion of being pirates, and when the trade of piracy lost its glory they took to the next best thing — wrecking. "Lame ducks," as the Bermudians called distressed vessels, were welcome visitors, and when one made a dangerous landfall and drifted over the reefs she was quickly surrounded by whaleboats and gigs, whose crews revelled in the prospect of salvage. Many an unfortunate skipper saved ship and cargo only to lose both in satisfying the claims of wreckers, and thus Bermuda acquired an unsavory reputation among mariners. To this day the signal denoting a ship passing the islands is known as the "starvation flag," although wrecking long ago ceased to be a lucrative occupation. But to return to the rector. He was preaching fervently one stormy

Sunday when a man entered St. Ann's and whispered to several members of the congregation, who promptly reached for their hats. The rector, noting that his congregation was uneasy, stopped his sermon and asked:

"John Smith, what are you saying to these people?"

"Parson," said John Smith, "there's a ship on the southwest breakers."

Sabbath piety, as the rector knew, must disappear under the circumstances, and he announced impressively: "The congregation will remain seated until I take off my surplice, and then, boys, we'll all start fair."

WARWICK

Crossing the Southampton boundary, one enters the parish which takes its name from one of the Earls of Warwick. Here, as in Southampton, the soil is fertile and Warwick farmers take excellent crops from their land. Here, too, are substantial residences, some of which are owned or leased by Americans and Canadians. At Spithead, an historic house facing the Great Sound, Eugene O'Neill, the distinguished American playwright, wrote some of the plays which gave him high rank among modern dramatists. Three main roads run east and west through Warwick, and the parish

also has the benefit of railway service. The north carriage road is laid along the shore that faces the Great Sound; the middle road cuts through the centre of the parish; the south road is the ocean highway. On this shore at the western end of the parish is Warwick Camp, where troops are trained and rifle meets are held. The south coast, with the breakers only a few hundred yards distant, has rugged beauty; on a stormy day, when the surf beats hard and the spray is flung over cliff and headland, the picture is inspiring. On the middle road stands the parish church, St. Mary's, erected in 1832, and Lough Memorial Hall; nearby, on a cross road is Khyber Pass, the deepest artificial canyon in Bermuda and a monument to the industry of the old road builders who, with pick and shovel, won their way through a limestone hill to obtain the desired outlet. East of St. Mary's is the Presbyterian kirk — Christ Church, built in 1719; adjacent to the church is Thorburn Memorial Hall. The congregation existed long before 1719, and is believed to be the oldest of the Presbyterian denomination in any British colony. A mural tablet commemorates the services held by George Whitefield, a famous English evangelist, in 1748. Whitefield had been denied the use of the parish churches, but Christ Church gave him welcome and the pulpit from

which he preached is one of its treasured relics. Warwick has two golf courses—Riddell's Bay, and the course of the Belmont Manor Hotel. At Salt Kettle stands another hotel—Inverurie—and in this little village is Glencove, the house occupied by Woodrow Wilson when he visited Bermuda in 1912 as President-elect of the United States.

PAGET

East of Warwick lies Paget, for whose name Lord Paget was responsible. The northern shore of this parish is the southern boundary of Hamilton Harbour; from the Paget heights one has a wide panoramic view of Bermuda's capital. Paget is a highly favoured residential area. Its houses reveal the attention lavished upon them by generations of owners; its gardens are among the best to be found in Bermuda. The south shore of Paget is a splendid stretch of sea coast, with numerous beaches and bays. One particular strip of white sand—Elbow Beach—is a favourite resort for bathers. Here is the Elbow Beach Hotel and a nine-hole golf course, and hereabouts are sand dunes built by the drift of particles from the beaches. At one time when the drift was unusually active the sand buried a house until only the chimney was visible. East of Elbow Beach

The boilers or coral atolls, circular cups of frothing water, stand in close to shore, and on wild days the rumble of the surf is like that of distant thunder. Near the junction of the south and middle roads stands St. Paul's, the parish church, the oldest portion of which dates back to 1796; in the eastern section of Paget are the experimental farms and gardens of the Agricultural Station, an institution which has been of untold benefit to the farmer. Adjacent to the Agricultural Station is the King Edward VII Hospital, which is well-equipped and generously supported by the government.

PEMBROKE PARISH AND THE CITY OF HAMILTON

Pembroke Parish is entered from Paget at the head of Crow's Lane, an old name for Hamilton Harbour. It was in this locality, according to tradition, that Sarah Bassett, an aged coloured woman, was burned at the stake in 1730 for attempting to poison her master's family. The sentence was imposed by Chief Justice Outerbridge in these words: "It is the sentence of this court: That you Sarah Bassett, the prisoner at the Barr, be returned to the prison from whence you came, and from thence you are to be conveyed to the place of execution, where a Pile of wood is to be made and provided, and you are to be there fastened to a sufficient stake, and

there to be burnt with fire until your body be dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul." The day of the execution was exceedingly hot, and a broiling day in Bermuda is still described as "a regular Sally Bassett day."

Spread over the southern slopes of Pembroke Parish, to which the Earl of Pembroke lent his name, Hamilton is a dazzling town of whitewashed limestone, regularly laid out, with broad streets, sewerage and water systems, and substantial stone wharves, the latter a profitable source of revenue to the municipality. Hamilton's automatic telephone service radiates to all parts of the colony and its electric power station is the distributing centre for light and power. There are two banks — the Bank of Bermuda and N. T. Butterfield and Son, Ltd. — and two newspapers — the *Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily*, and *Mid-Ocean*.

Hamilton's history dates back to the latter part of the eighteenth century when trade became centred about the shores of the Great Sound, creating the necessity for a port to serve the central and western parishes. After years of agitation the town was founded in 1790 and named in honour of the then Governor, Henry Hamilton. On June 30, 1793, the town was incorporated and on January 1, 1815, Hamilton

succeeded St. George's as the seat of government, the Assembly meeting at the Town Hall two weeks later. Since that time Hamilton has steadily increased in wealth and importance, rising to the dignity of a city in 1898, by special act of the Colonial Parliament. Today the greatest concentration of population is in Pembroke Parish, the census figures of 1931, giving a total of 10,522 people. The local government or Corporation of Hamilton, consists of the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, and the Common Council.

The chief port of entry for passenger steamers, Hamilton is also the distributing point for imports and exports; its main business thoroughfare, Front Street, is always a lively and busy spot. Indeed, the big passenger ships lying at wharves parallel to the street, seem almost a part of it. Hamilton's shops are attractive and progressive in their methods, the wealthier merchants sending buyers to New York, London and Paris, for they learned long ago that the tourist demands goods of high quality. Because of the relatively low duty, they are often able to offer excellent clothing and novelties at reasonable prices.

The social life is enhanced by the presence of the Governor and Admiral in residence, and by the hospitality of the military forces stationed

at Prospect. Three large hotels, the Princess on the harbour; the Bermudiana, with its beautiful gardens; and the Hamilton add to the gayety of the city. There are a number of smaller hotels and boarding houses; and the inevitable picture houses. For the convenience of strangers there is a visitors' information bureau. all ships being met by agents of the bureau.

Hamilton's central and dominating feature is the Cathedral — a striking Gothic edifice standing in Church Street. The building was begun in 1885 to replace Trinity Church, which had been destroyed by fire, and no effort has been spared to make the Cathedral worthy of the Church of England. Selected stones from the United Kingdom, Indiana and Nova Scotia have been blended with Caen and the native limestone, the structure revealing the meticulous care of architect and builder. Interior fittings are in keeping with the design. The pulpit is a copy of the famous carved pulpit of St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh; among the memorials is a replica of the tablet erected in honour of Sir George Somers at Whitechurch, England.

When state services are held at the Cathedral the scene is most brilliant and effective. Detachments of imperial troops and of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps, with band and colours, march

to the edifice and are met there by the Governor and staff officers, in dress uniforms; the chief justice, in wig and knee breeches; and the colonial dignitaries and their ladies. The band takes part in the service, and afterwards the troops are reviewed by the Governor before marching back to barracks.

In the vicinity of the Cathedral are the Wesleyan Methodist, Presbyterian, African Methodist and Roman Catholic Churches, and in beautiful Pembroke Valley on the road to Government House, at Mount Langton, is St. John's, the parish church of Pembroke. The records of St. John's go back to 1621; the church was rebuilt in 1721, and again in 1821. The edifice and the peaceful churchyard are objects of venerable interest.

A tour of Hamilton is not complete unless one visits the Sessions House, where the House of Assembly and the Supreme Court have their chambers. This citadel of government was built in 1815; its commanding clock tower commemorates the jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. The legislative chamber is a dignified room, with paintings of King George III and Queen Charlotte (attributed to Sir Thomas Lawrence) hung behind the Speaker's chair. As there are no political parties in Bermuda, government and opposition

benches are unnecessary, and members face the chair, sitting at rows of desks on each side of the central aisle. The sessions of the House are often diverting to strangers, for this most ancient Assembly is jealous of its privileges and even minor issues are carefully threshed out in debate. Sir James Willcocks, Governor of Bermuda during the latter part of the Great War, wrote of the Bermudians that they were very orthodox in their attitude toward the governor as the King's representative, "and will grant him anything in reason so long as he will not tread on the corns of the 'Honourable House of Assembly.' This, however, it is not always possible to avoid and when that happens there are wigs on the green."

The procedure of the Supreme Court is marked by the same dignity which characterises courts of law in England. Cases are tried quickly and the presiding justice, whose powers are much more extensive than those of an American trial judge, is always in supreme control of the proceedings.

Within the square bounded by Reid, Parliament and Court Streets, facing on Front at the harbour's edge, stands the structure known as the Public Buildings, which houses the Council Chamber, certain departmental offices, and those of the Governor. In the grounds is the Cenotaph — Bermuda's memorial to her sons who fell in the

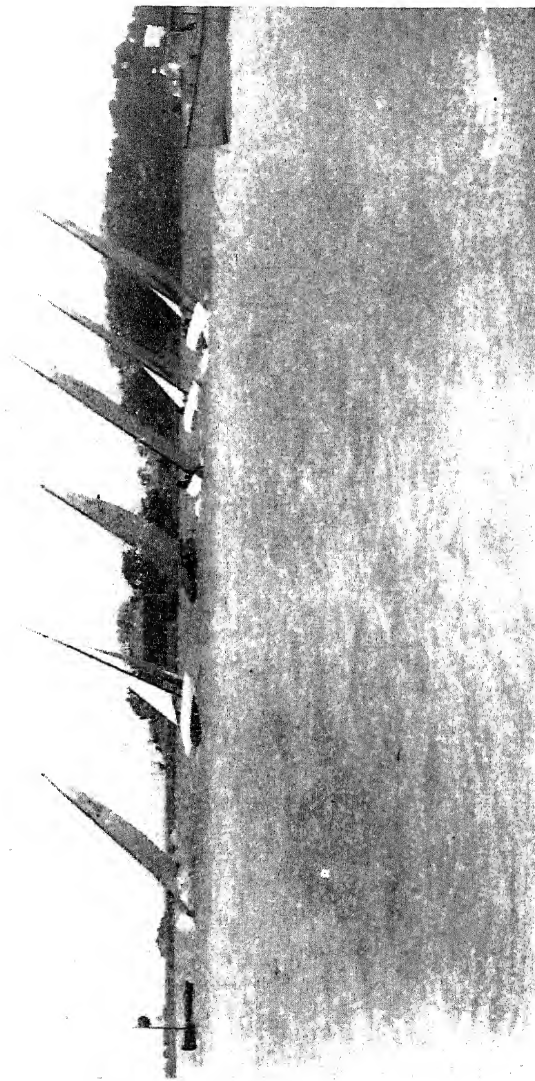
Great War. The cornerstone of the monument, which duplicates on a smaller scale the Cenotaph in London, was laid by the Prince of Wales on October 1, 1920. Here "The Silence" is preserved on Armistice Day.

In the Council Chamber, with its Throne and its paintings of King George V, Queen Mary, King George III and Queen Charlotte, are held the traditional ceremonies connected with the opening and prorogation of Parliament. The Governor, attended by a guard of honour and band, is received at the Public Buildings and there in the Council Chamber he is surrounded by the members of the Legislative Council and the Assembly and the senior military and naval officers. The Governor, as the representative of the King, reads his speech (usually short and to the point) from the Throne, the proceedings being conducted with punctilious regard for ancient procedure. A review of the troops outside the building ends a highly picturesque ceremony.

Passing up Queen Street one observes a gigantic rubber tree — a much photographed object — whose branches overhang the roadway. It stands at the entrance to Par-la-Ville, now the Public Library, and was brought from Essequibo, British Guiana, by William B. Perot, a former owner of this property. The tree has

withstood the battering of many gales and is approaching its centenary. The museum of the Bermuda Natural History Society is housed at Par-la-ville and the garden of this old building contains many rare trees and shrubs. From this garden one may enter the elaborate garden surrounding the Bermudiana Hotel. Another public institution which attracts those who have the collector's habit is the Bermuda Historical Society, whose building at the eastern entrance to Hamilton contains many old relics and the original family portraits of Sir George Somers and Lady Somers. Facing Cedar Avenue, which is lined on either side by tall, sturdy cedars, is Victoria Park, a delightful and restful garden in which a variety of shrubs and shade trees flourish. The band stand, erected by the corporation, is another memorial of Queen Victoria's jubilee. The column erected to the members of the Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps who gave up their lives in the Great War, is a conspicuous feature of the park.

Hamilton shows its prosperity in its villas — comfortable houses surrounded by gardens to which the regal poinciana, with yellow and crimson flowers; pigeon berry, bamboo, sago palm, screw pine, century plant, loquat, palmetto and a host of other plants lend an exotic atmosphere. Westward along the Pitt's Bay Road, which over-



The Bermudian Studio
AN INTERNATIONAL RACE — AMERICAN AND BERMUDIAN SIX-METRE YACHTS.

looks the harbour entrance, are many fine residences. This road is intersected by the Serpentine, and extends to the road that carries one to the district called Fairyland, to Admiralty House and Spanish Point, the northwest extremity of Pembroke. Fairyland has peculiar charms of its own, for the shore line is irregularly broken by inlets and coves and beyond, in the Great Sound, is a chain of tiny islands, one of them — Agar's — having once been the site of the Bermuda Biological Station and Aquarium and, in the Great War, an American naval base. There is a good boat harbour in Mills Creek, which has been dredged in connection with the reclamation of Pembroke Marsh. And there is Mangrove Creek, which reveals the manner in which this hardy swamp tree will close up a sheltered inlet, if not disturbed. From each branch strong shoots descend into the water and root themselves in mud or sand, weaving a thicket that is dark and impenetrable.

Clarence Hill, the site of Admiralty House, holds memories of many famous sailors, for since 1816 it has been the Bermuda home of British admirals, among them Lord Fisher who gave the all-big-gun ship to the world and so revolutionized all navies. The grounds of Admiralty House have fine plantations and the hill commands a view of

the Great Sound and the Dockyard. The Admiral has his private landing jetty in Clarence Cove on the north shore.

More elaborate is Government House, which crowns Mount Langton on the northern outskirts of Hamilton and is admirably adapted for entertainment. The grounds embrace some seventy acres and are virtually a botanical garden, embellished from time to time by various governors, some of whom have taken deep pride in adding notable specimens to the plantation. The entrance to Government House is a deep cutting in the hill; when the bouganvillea, which covers one side of the gateway, is in bloom, the effect is entrancing. The flowers, the lawns, the thickly wooded areas of the estate, all combine to make a vivid picture of luxuriant vegetation. Government House is a relatively new building, completed in 1892, to replace the old official residence on Mount Langton. To reach Government House from Hamilton one takes the road that passes St. John's Church, climbing the steep hill overlooking Pembroke Valley to the gateway. This road carries on to the north shore; but another road passing through a tunnel under Mount Langton gives an almost level approach to the north road, emerging near the Ducking Stool—a place where witches were punished in the old

dark days. In the valley lying below the southern slopes of Mount Langton is the recreation area reclaimed from Pembroke Marsh. Here is the tennis stadium and excellent clay courts; eventually this area will become an extensive playground.

The harbour of Hamilton, while not large, has deep water and accommodates large ships, thanks to persistent dredging. The passage of ferries to Somerset, Ireland Island, Salt Kettle, and Riddell's Bay; the yachts and speed boats, and the movement of shipping give life and colour to the harbour. From the harbour mouth the main ship channel is carried through the narrow Two-Rock Passage, where it is almost possible to leap ashore from the liner's deck, curving around the Great Sound toward the dockyard, thence straightening down the north side to the outlet in the barrier reef.

The Great Sound is the scene of international yachting events, the best sailing course in Bermuda; and many American skippers have there tried their luck.

The islands of the Sound enhance the beauty of this aquatic playground. On Tucker's, Darrell's, Morgan's, Marshall's, Burt's, Hawkin's, and Port's islands—the larger of the Great Sound group—about 5000 Boer prisoners of

war were confined for nearly two years while the bitter struggle in the Transvaal went on. The Dutch-African burghers were guarded by soldiers and gunboats, but the internal government of each laager rested with the prisoners, who selected their own officers to enforce camp rules. The men occupied their time in fishing, bathing, and making souvenirs, with which they flooded Bermuda. They were well fed and clothed, and there was little sickness in the camps. After the war the majority took the oath of allegiance to Great Britain and were sent home to Africa. A few elected to remain in Bermuda, while the recalcitrants found their way to New York.

An excellent view of Hamilton is obtained from Prospect Hill, which has long been a military camp, although its importance has diminished since Bermuda ceased to be an ocean fortress. From the hill one looks down upon the roofs of Hamilton, the picture extending across the harbour to Paget and Warwick. Far in the distance, standing like a monolith, is the tower of Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, with the Great Sound islands resting in the water at the right.

DEVONSHIRE AND SMITH'S

East of Pembroke lie the central parishes — Devonshire, named in honour of the Earl of Devonshire, and Smith's, in honour of Sir Thomas

Smith. The two parishes occupy that portion of the Main from Pembroke and Paget to Harrington Sound. The north shore road of Devonshire follows the water at the foot of a range of hills, passing the Devonshire golf course. This road is hedged in places by the feathery tamarisk, which is never affected by the salt spray dashed from the rocks below. The middle road taps a delightfully rural district, a noticeable feature being Devonshire Marsh. Here are the waterworks, described in another chapter. Both north and middle roads converge at Flatt's Village. Near the marsh is old Devonshire church, one of Bermuda's quaint buildings, and Christ Church, the newer parish edifice, completed in 1851. Parts of the older church date from 1719. It is a curious structure, exemplifying the methods of shipbuilders as applied to architecture. At one time its belfry was a gnarled and venerable cedar.

Smith's Parish takes great pride in its parish church, St. Mark's, which was consecrated in 1848 and supplanted a building that had crumbled to decay. The church is a striking building and contains many examples of native craftsmanship, the pulpit, especially, of cedar and mahogany, being a fine example of wood carving. Not far from St. Mark's is Spittal Pond and Spanish Rock. Although time has obliterated the initials

(described in Chapter II) on Spanish Rock, the place remains a landmark surrounded by the mystery of the ancient sailor who carved his name in Bermuda history at a time when superstitious shipmasters feared to approach the islands. The natural checker board, a singular rock formation, is in the vicinity of Spanish Rock, but the greatest attraction is the scenery. Looking east and west, it is wild and magnificent, if such a word may be applied to tiny Bermuda. The surf thunders across the reefs, churns a froth among the boilers, and rolls onward to the gray cliffs, hollowed, torn and distorted by constant warfare with the ocean, and strewn with boulders at the base. Such is the scene, modified or emphasised, as one drives eastward toward the Mid-Ocean Colony at Tucker's Town, which is not a town, but was once a settlement of fishermen and farmers. The Mid-Ocean colonists possess many privileges. They have a renowned golf course at their disposal, a large club for social activities, and they live undisturbed in an exclusive realm of their own. A beautiful realm it is, for the cliffs and sand dunes of Tucker's Town, and the beach with its natural arch have a strong and never-failing appeal. Adjoining the Mid-Ocean Colony is the Paynter Vale district and here one comes to the Castle Harbour Hotel and its golf course,

overlooking the beautiful harbour of that name.

HAMILTON PARISH

Flatt's Village, whose central location has made it desirable for residential purposes, is on the border line of Hamilton Parish, named in honour of the Marquis of Hamilton. Here are the Frascati Hotel, a nine-hole golf course, the Bermuda Aquarium, and many residences. At one period, the Flatts, as it is called, was a shipping centre, but silt from the ocean has made its little harbour shallow, and now only small boats can enter it. Off the mouth of the harbour is Gibbet Island, so named because the skull of a slave who had killed his master was exhibited there for years. The Aquarium attracts not only tourists, but a constant stream of Bermudians. Here one may see the octopus and sometimes watch it pumping water over its eggs; the sea horse, unique because the male has a pouch in which the female deposits her eggs; the ferocious green moray and his speckled brother: the four-eyed or butterfly fish; the angel fish, a fierce fighter; the flounder, which has both eyes on one side; the barracuda, properly called "the tiger of the sea"; the canny fishing fish, which carries its own rod and bait. Most of these fishes are brilliantly coloured and some have the power to change colour at will in order to pro-

tect themselves against their enemies. The tanks are filled not only with fishes, but with delicate anemones, corals, sponges, algae and ascidians, all taken from the Bermuda reefs. In an enclosure outside the Aquarium are a number of Galapagos land turtles, whose habits of life are being studied. At the Aquarium one can be initiated into the mysteries of the diving helmet and walk around the bottom of Harrington Sound.

Two roads lead eastward from the Flatts, one crossing the bridge over a turbulent channel that feeds Harrington Sound, the other winding about the sound to Paynter's Vale and Walsingham, both meeting near the Admiral's Cave and continuing toward the Causeway. The road that crosses the bridge passes Shelly Bay and Bailey's Bay and is the shorter route to St. George's, but the sound road is more beautiful.

Harrington Sound, a circular body of water with Trunk Island in the centre, is enclosed by bold cliffs wooded almost to the edge. Old inhabitants used to say that the sound waters neither ebbed nor flowed, and they were nearly correct, for the tidal change is insignificant. The sound road passes Lion Rock, a faithful effigy of that beast, and then one comes to the Devil's Hole, or Neptune's Grotto, a private aquarium fed with water flowing through underground channels in

the sound. The story is told of a British officer who visited the Devil's Hole and refused to believe that the many groupers in the pool were savage, for they seemed friendly and harmless as they stuck their snouts above water. So he jokingly threw his dog in and the unlucky animal was promptly torn to pieces. Keeping onward, one passes Shark's Hole, a seaside cavern hollowed in the rocks, the turn at the right leading to the Mid-Ocean Colony; the left turn carrying one along the eastern shore of the sound to Walsingham, the cave district.

There is no part of Bermuda where the vegetation is wilder or more luxuriant than at Walsingham, named after its first explorer, the cockswain of the *Sea Venture*. It is almost as riotous a tangle as it was in bygone days, when Tom Moore sallied forth from Walsingham House beside a rocky pool and rambled through the jungle to his hospitable calabash tree, now struggling against age in a cool, green glen. Here cedar brush is shrouded in jasmine which in early summer is white with blossoms and heavy with perfume; there are coffee trees, lemons and wild olives; stalactitic walls of fallen caverns and mouths of subterranean chambers are masked by creepers, ferns, and moss, while the fiddlewood, which assumes as its regular dress soft autumn

tints, lends touches of brown and red to the green undergrowth.

On the way from Walsingham House is Holy Trinity, the parish church of Hamilton, and one of the oldest in the colony. It is beautifully situated on the north shore of the sound, just above Church Bay. The original church, with a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, was built in 1622 and, according to the records, parts of that structure are embodied in the present building. North of the church is the residential district known as Bailey's Bay, the road being lined with characteristic dwellings and gardens.

The rocks of Walsingham are among the oldest in the Bermuda structure, and it is believed that most of this area is undermined. The caves were formed by rain water which percolated through channels in the hard limestone and washed out the loose sand and earth underlying it, thus producing recesses in which stalactite and stalagmite were slowly formed by the constant dripping of water, each drop carrying a minute deposit of carbonate of lime acquired from the calcareous soil in the filtering process. Some of the caverns grew too large to support their roofs, and so we find throughout Walsingham "sinks" or depressions caused by the collapse of the structure overhead. In such rocky glens there are broken

boulders and irregular curtains of honey-combed limestone — damp, shadowy glens that delight the eye and fire the imagination.

The Leamington, Crystal and Wonderland caves are notable for their exquisite stalactites and vivid colouring. The use of special electric lighting effects, particularly in Crystal Cave, enhances the beauty of this strange world underground, a scintillating creation of lime and water, the drip, drip, drip signifying the slow but steady growth of pendants clinging from the tinted ceiling.

In Crystal Cave there are thousands of stalactites not larger than a knitting needle; there are conical masses, clear as crystal, a foot in diameter at the base; there are translucent draperies, mushroom effects, banks of calcite, snow-white, and polished like diamonds. Here are donkey's ears, there an alligator and a turtle — fashioned by nature through the ages. Each living stalactite holds a glistening drop at its extremity and vibrates tunefully, but those that have lost their nourishment — water — and are dead, no longer contain a suggestion of melody.

A feature of this cave is Cahow Lake, which takes its name from the fact that in one of the chambers were found, deeply embedded in calcite, fossilized bones and feathers of the cahow, which

was supposed to have become extinct about 1630. This "silly" bird, as one early writer called it, was exceedingly plentiful when the settlers arrived and could be caught in hundreds after dark by hand, for it lived in holes among the rocks. In the first few years of settlement the nightmare of famine was ever present, and the cahow, being the principal victim of man's rapacity, soon dwindled in numbers and finally disappeared. Long had modern scientists searched for traces of the bird, but not until Crystal Cave was discovered were their efforts rewarded. One scientist, however, was not satisfied and always hoped that one day a specimen of the cahow might be found alive. He was Louis L. Mowbray, director of the Bermuda Aquarium. For years Mr. Mowbray searched Bermuda diligently and at last, on February 22, 1906, he found his prize in a rock crevice on Castle Island. The cahow was formally identified by comparison with the fossil bones.

A short distance from Crystal Cave, on the road to St. George's, are the Admiral's Cave and the Joyce's Dock or Shakespeare Grottoes. The district has many of the characteristics of the Walsingham tract. The Admiral's Cave is a long one, the first chamber being decorated with hundreds of stalactites which assume forms of the vegetable world. Farther down into the earth is

the organ chamber where stand a series of columns — the organ pipes — resulting from the union of stalactite and stalagmite. These when struck by metal send forth musical notes that echo against the dripping roof. Another chamber contains a lake of clear water. From this cave, in 1819, Admiral Sir David Milne cut a stalagmite weighing three and a half tons and sent it to the museum of the University of Edinburgh. His son, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, visited the chamber in 1863 and observed the new matter which had been formed by five drops of water on the stump in the intervening forty-four years. From his measurements the admiral estimated that the stalagmite had occupied six hundred thousand years in formation, if during the period it was forming the drops were not more numerous and did not fall more rapidly than in 1863. This deduction, while interesting, is debatable.

The Joyce's Dock Caves are among the oldest known caverns in Bermuda, and they have very beautiful chambers. In one grotto a circular lake is covered by a dome of stalactites arranged in fantastic clusters. Groups of columns at the edges give a striking effect. In the centre of the lake rises an island of stalagmite; without unduly stretching the imagination one may see among the draperies, faces and figures of famous personages,

including even a striking bust of Shakespeare.

ST. GEORGE'S

Leaving underground mysteries behind, one passes the Blue Hole and drives over the Causeway to Longbird Island, thence over the Swing Bridge to St. George's. On the left hand is the Reach extending from the railway bridge at the Old Ferry to the Swing Bridge; on the right is Castle Harbour, with its lonely islands, some covered by the ruins of ancient fortifications. The Causeway was completed in 1871 at a cost of £32,000 and, being demolished by the hurricane of 1899, was repaired and strengthened the following year. From the Causeway one sees the Biological Station at Shore Hills, on the Reach; and the bridge from Stokes Point to St. David's Island, the last of the larger islands to be included in the network of roads. From the Swing Bridge the road twists about Mullet Bay, climbs gentle grades, and enters the old town, the cradle of Bermuda history, commemorating in its name the exploits of that doughty Elizabethan, Sir George Somers.

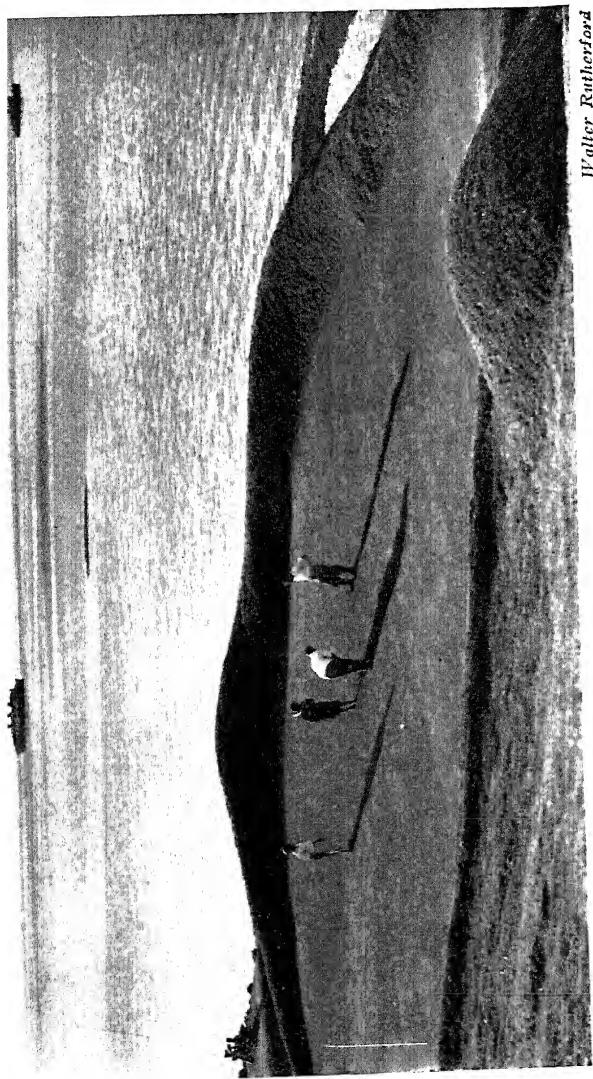
When the site of St. George's was cleared of cedars, men planted their houses irregularly over the open spaces, heedless of the inevitable advent of vehicles, and so the town is a maze of narrow

streets and crooked alleys, bordered by high-walled gardens — an unconventional place, dignified by age and tradition, and by the hospitality of its people. Feather Bed Alley, Printer's, Shinbone, Silk, and Old Maid's Alley are some of the odd names given to the byways.

St. George's is one hundred and forty-eight years older than Hamilton but was not incorporated until 1797, four years after the capital. The form of local government is similar to that of Hamilton. The population of the parish numbers 3,287, according to the census of 1931. In the course of its history the old town has experienced many vicissitudes; often its fortunes have been at low ebb. Its prestige suffered when the seat of government was removed to Hamilton in 1815; its profitable ship repair business dwindled with the decline of sailing vessels; similarly the port's bunkering trade was affected when the oil-burning steamer and the motor ship began to replace the coal-burning tramp. St. George's recalls its stirring boom during the American civil war period, when blockade runners filled the harbour; and its people remember the days when forts and barracks were filled with troops and Tommy Atkins was a source of revenue, even though his wage was only a shilling a day. But St. George's no longer lives in the past; it looks forward confidently to

the future. The railway has brought the town in closer touch with the rest of Bermuda; and it is obvious that St. George's is destined again to become an important port—a terminus for the larger type of cruising ships, which are obliged to lie in open roadsteads and send their passengers ashore by tender. All that is necessary for the development of the harbour is the deepening and widening of the Town Cut Channel to accommodate such vessels. If this project is accomplished, time and inconvenience will be saved for cruise ship passengers, Bermuda will have a night port only fifteen minutes from the open sea, and St. George's will realise on its most important assets—its harbour and its wharves.

On Rose Hill, overlooking the harbour, is the St. George Hotel, behind which is a nine-hole golf course extending to the north shore of the island. West of Rose Hill is Fort George, with its old moat and barracks. No longer a military post, Fort George is the site of the Signal Station and also of the Meteorological Station. In the centre of the town is St. Peter's, mother of all parish churches, and its graveyard. In 1612 Governor Moore, built a cedar church, but it was soon destroyed by a hurricane. In 1620 Governor Butler built a more substantial church on the site of St. Peter's and it is probable that some of his masonry



Walter Rutherford

NOT A SEASIDE BATTERY, BUT A PUTTING GREEN.

is contained in the existing walls, raised in 1713, and covered with a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, which made way about fifty years later for one of stone. Time had worked havoc with St. Peter's until 1908, when through public subscriptions it was possible to renovate the structure thoroughly, and now the old church bids fair to double its age. Within the shadow of the clock tower, erected in 1814, is the grave of Midshipman Dale, closely crowded by family tombs, weather-stained and hoary with age. It bears this inscription.

IN MEMORY OF

RICHARD SUTHERLAND DALE

ELDEST SON OF COMMODORE RICHARD DALE
OF PHILADELPHIA IN THE U. S. OF AMERICA,
A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE U. S. NAVY.

He departed this life at St. George's, Bermuda on the 22nd day of February, A. D. 1815, aged 20 years, one month and 17 days. He lost his right leg in an engagement between the U. S. Frigate President and a squadron of His Britannic Majesty's ships of war on 15th January, A. D. 1815.

His confinement caused a severe complaint in his back which in a short time terminated his life.

This stone records the tribute of his parents' gratitude to those inhabitants of St. George's whose generous and tender sympathy prompted the kindest attentions to their son while living, and honoured him when dead.

The interior arrangements of the church belong to the past. At the centre of the north wall is a triple-decked pulpit, while the altar stands at the east wall, making it necessary for the congregation to face about when the creed is repeated. The lower deck of the pulpit was originally used by the parish clerk, who read the responses as leader of the congregation; the second tier is the rector's reading desk; from the third deck the sermon is preached. The cedar altar was in use as early as 1624. Between pulpit and altar are large box pews with seats on two sides, the preacher looking at the backs of some of his auditors. One of these pews is reserved for the Governor, who has the legal right to a sitting in each parish church. St. Peter's silver vessels are a source of deep interest to visitors. The oldest is a chalice with cover, a gift of the Bermuda Company in 1625; the large chalice, flagons and paten, the gift of King William III, date from 1697-8; the christening basin was the gift of William Browne of Salem, Mass., who came to Bermuda as Governor in 1782. Mural tablets cover the walls of St. Peter's, telling the story of yellow fever epidemics and extolling the virtues of long-forgotten men and women. There are examples of the sculpture of Bacon and Westmacott, but the memorial which attracts most attention is

that erected to Governor Alured Popple, "who," says Lefroy, "is gratefully remembered by the ladies of Bermuda for imposing a tax on bachelors." It is worded as follows:

Died at Bermuda November 17 1744
in the 46th year of his age,
After nine days illness of a bilious fever,
The Good Governor,
ALURED POPPLE Esq;
During the Course of his Administration,
which to the inconsolable grief of the Inhabitants
Continued but six years,
Of the many Strangers who resorted Thither for
their health
The Observing easily discovered in him,
Under the graceful Veil of Modesty,
An Understanding and Abilities equal
To a more important Trust;
The Gay and Polite were charmed with the
Unaffected
Elegance and amiable Simplicity of his Manners
And all were chear'd
By His Hospitality and diffusive Benevolence
Which Steadily flowed and Undisturbed,
From the Heart,
To Praise, according to his Merit,
The Deceased
would be but too sensible a Reproach
To the Living;
And to enumerate the many rare Virtues
which shone united in the Governor
of that little Spot
were to tell how many great Talents
and excellent Endowments are
Wanting in Some
Whom the capriciousness of Fortune
Exposes
In a more elevated and Conspicuous station.

Governor Popple was far from popular with Bermudians, and apparently he incurred the displeasure of some who occupied "a more elevated and conspicuous station" in England, where the inscription was written by friends. To Bermudians it is irreverently known as Governor Popple's "certificate of character." His tax on bachelors, it may be said, amounted to one shilling a head.

On Water Street is the Post Office and Custom House, formerly the colonial jail in which American prisoners of war were confined. Between the exterior and interior walls are blocks of hard limestone, which probably thwarted many a convict. A notable prisoner was John Stephenson, confined for six months in 1801 for "preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to African blacks and captive negroes," a law having been enacted especially to fit his so-called crime. But it was ineffective, for the dauntless Stephenson preached through his cell window, drawing sympathy and followers from the crowd. This was practically the last instance of religious persecution in the colony.

A few doors above the Post Office is the house in which the Duke of Clarence, afterward King William IV, lived as an officer of the Royal Navy, and a short distance below, on Market or King's Square, is the Town Hall and a war memorial.

The former home of the Courts of Justice and Council, on rising ground at the east of the square, is held in trust by the Corporation for Lodge St. George, No. 200, which is supposed to pay an annual rental of one peppercorn, according to the deed of gift made by Governor Sir James Cockburn in 1816. The deed also provided that parliamentary elections should be held in the building. Lodge 200 was chartered in 1797 under the Grand Registry of Scotland and is one of the oldest bodies of Freemasons in Bermuda. This building, unique in its construction, is supposed to have been erected about 1623.

Just north of the lodge in York street, is the Somers Garden, the garden of the governors when St. George's was the capital, and the burial place of Sir George Somers's heart, as the memorial tablet (mentioned elsewhere) indicates. It is a bright spot, with flowering shrubs and rare trees, including a "monkey's puzzle," date palms nearly two hundred years old, and effective specimens of the screw pine. At the garden gate stands a native limestone monument erected by the colony to commemorate Somers and the tercentenary of Bermuda's settlement. On Government Hill, which rises back of the garden are the ruins of what was intended to be the "new parish church" — a building effort hampered by lack of funds. Here stood

the powder magazine which Captain Ord depleted in 1775, (see Chapter V) also the residence of the Governor. Eighty years after the powder episode a curious discovery was made in the course of excavation on Government Hill. The skeleton of a man was exhumed, the skull showing a fracture. He had evidently been killed and buried in haste, as his grave was only two feet deep. Buttons, gold lace, spurs, and a whalebone riding whip indicated that he had been a French staff officer, probably a prisoner of war on parole when the magazine was entered. This man was supposed to have escaped with Ord's men, but it is apparent that they killed him in the belief that he was spying on their movements. Thus the shallow grave vindicated his honour.

On the street leading to Government Hill is the home of the St. George's Historical Society, whose setting is a walled garden. At one end of the building is the barred window of John Stephenson's cell, a relic retrieved from the Custom House. The Society's possessions include many objects and pictures of historical value, and one may see in the house a characteristic "slave kitchen" containing a high hearth, brick oven, and cooking utensils of more primitive days. A circulating library and an information bureau for visitors are maintained.

From the heights above the town the outlook is extensive. The Meteorological Station at Fort George sweeps the entire north shore, the near and distant islands of Castle Harbour on the south, the ocean at the east — a comprehensive picture by daylight and a singularly attractive scene when moonrays cut a path across the phosphorescent waters of the town harbour and tinge the foliage of St. David's with silver gray. On clear days North Rock — a vestige of ancient Bermuda — and its beacon, are visible. Under the brow of Rose Hill, facing York Street, is the Methodist Chapel, while on the eastern slope are the crumbling ruins of Nea's home, reminiscent of Tom Moore. From Barrack Hill, rising above the cliffs of Convict Bay at the eastern end of the town, you may look down into the crooked alleys and private gardens, and realise the extent and beauties of the harbour. This hill and the plateau extending north and east comprise a military reservation for which a proud empire now has little use. The one active spot in this locality is the wireless station.

On the Cut Road, which runs below Barrack Hill, are several large houses and gardens, the ocean coming into view at the extremity of Bermuda, hard by the Town Cut Channel, which runs between St. George's and Higgs Islands. The sur-

rounding fortifications, obsolete and without garrisons, were once considered the last word in military engineering. On this shore Somers and his company landed; here, too, is Building's Bay, where their shipbuilders laboured, and Lunn's Well, which they dug centuries ago. And the bachelor who drinks a thimble full of its water will surely be married before leaving Bermuda — so runs the legend. A drive from this point past the parade ground, military church, Fort Victoria, and the barracks back of Government Hill brings one to the Naval Tanks — large water catches — the traditional landing place of Captain Ord's crew. Coot Pond and the limestone pinnacles called Tobacco Rocks are in the vicinity, and looking eastward is Fort Catherine, crowning St. Catherine's Point, around which vessels turn to proceed up the north shore to the dockyard and Hamilton. Bathers use Catherine's beach and wander about the silent fort. Another drive is by the Ferry Road leading west from the town about Mullet Bay and going through the neck of land that stretches to the Old Ferry.

Opposite St. George's is St. David's Island, running the length of the harbour, with Smith's lying parallel at the eastern end. Between Smith's and Paget Island, on which stands Fort Cunningham, is the old harbour channel. The first settlers

landed on Smith's Island, and the remains of their ovens are visible there. St. David's, reached by steam ferry from St. George's, had until recently no highway connection with the town, and by reason of their isolation the inhabitants of this beautiful island have closely retained old 'Mudian traditions of living. They farm, fish, pilot vessels, go to sea when they hear the call, and chase the whale if they have an opportunity, according to the ways of their ancestors. You will find their prototypes in Nantucket and along the south shore of Long Island. Many stories are told of the simplicity of the David's Islanders of days long past. One concerns a bearded patriarch who said he would have "no graven images" in the house when his son of forty brought home the first photograph of himself. There is another which depicts the consternation of an old fisherman when he caught sight of the first steamer to visit Bermuda. He was anchored off shore in a dinghy, with a boy as his only companion. When he saw the mysterious fire-ship bearing down upon him, a cloud of smoke trailing in the sky, he cried in terror: "Sonny, sonny, cut the killick, perdition cometh." A killick by the way, is a stone anchor protected by cedar or oleander boughs. It was devised by the early settlers and is still used.

The ferryboat's course lies through a narrow

passage between Smith's and St. David's into limpid water, the shore on either side being indented by tiny coves. On the sand of one cove called Dolly's Bay is the small remnant of a civil war torpedo raft, one of three built in New York to be used in assaults upon Charleston. In 1862 the rafts left New York in tow of the steamer *Ericsson*, but in a gale off Cape Hatteras one of the trio broke away and could not be recovered. For six years it drifted, a dangerous ocean waif, then the currents directed its course to Bermuda. In 1872, four years later, a sea captain representing Boston underwriters, came to the islands. He was told about the strange derelict and went to Dolly's Bay to see it. "Well, well, did I ever expect to be shipmates with it again?" he exclaimed, as he boarded the raft and without hesitation picked out the government number. He was none other than Captain E. H. Faucon, once an auxiliary officer of the United States navy, and commander of the *Ericsson*, also, in earlier days master of the brig *Pilgrim*, in which Richard H. Dana sailed and collected the material for "Two Years Before the Mast."

Captain Faucon recalled the wild night off Hatteras, the loss of the raft, and the drowning of a boy who with other seamen had tried to save the tow. The raft was built of heavy pine timbers,

at one end of which projected two arms, each intended to hold a torpedo. The other end or tail was constructed to fit the bows of a monitor, which was supposed to push the raft against the submarine barricades of Charleston Harbour, exploding the torpedoes by contact with the obstruction. No longer does the relic resemble the derelict of 1868. It is merely a skeleton of rusty spikes and spongy timbers; soon it will be only a memory.

From the last ferry landing it is a short climb to St. David's Lighthouse on Mount Hill. The lighthouse is an octagonal limestone tower, 55 feet from base to lantern and 208 feet above sea level. A petroleum vapour burner gives a fixed white light of about 30,000 candle power, enabling navigators to take cross bearings with the Gibb's Hill flash. The eastern gallery overlooks St. David's Fort, and the rugged cliffs of Great Head, beyond which are the buoys marking the channel through the barrier reef. Turning north, the bays between St. David's and Smith's, the harbour and town, come into view, while south and west are breakers and the islands of Castle Harbour in bold relief. All of the north shore affords views of St. George's; on the south shore are several bathing beaches.

Castle Harbour, the chief anchorage of early

Bermuda, lies between the west end of St. David's and the shore of Walsingham and Tucker's Town, and is entered from the head of the town harbour beneath the bridge which joins St. David's to St. George's. For two centuries the coral builders have worked here so rapidly that the harbour is filled with shoals, and it is now a succession of sea-gardens—prolific in specimens for the collector. There is a boat channel across the harbour to Paynter Vale and Tucker's Town, and it is simple matter to avoid the shoals beyond the channel and reach the desolate islands which make this body of water so attractive. Practically the whole of Castle Island is covered with grey ruins. It is a bleak, barren spot supporting only sage bush, prickly pears, and scrub cedar,—an abode of lizards, and land crabs. Even so, its inhospitable shore is inviting. You land on the south side, clamber up needle-like rocks to the ruins, and find yourself carried back to 1612, when Governor Moore built his cedar gun-platforms to protect Castle Harbour and the struggling settlement against attacks of the much-feared Spaniards. The scheme of defence is readily traced. King's Castle is built at the eastern escarpment, and here in addition to gun embrasures is a chamber hollowed in the rock, with circular compartments for round shot. A stone parapet

or rampart runs along the ocean side, with more casemates for guns at the west end. An old kitchen and brick oven are near by, and on rising ground about the centre of the island is the citadel or Devonshire Redoubt, named by Governor Butler, who in 1620 repaired and extended Moore's works. Close by the abrupt cliffs on the north side are the so-called "dungeons," in reality the barracks. It is difficult to tell the exact age of the ruins, for the fortifications were frequently repaired, probably for the last time in the War of 1812.

Only once, in 1613, was the garrison of King's Castle called upon to exhibit its prowess. In that year two Spanish ships appeared off the harbour with the intention, it was believed, of recovering buried treasure, and, says John Smith: "Master More made but two shot, which caused them to depart. Marke here the handiwork of the diune providence for they had but three quarters of a barrell of powder, and but one shot more, and the powder by carelesnesse was tumbled down vnder the mussels of the two peeces, were discharged, yet not touched with fire when they were discharged."

On the eastern side of the channel, opposite King's Castle, is Brangman's or Southampton Island, on which there is another ruined redoubt,

and a third crumbling fortification stands on Charles or Goat Island. Castle Island, however, is more accessible than its neighbours, and its ruins are more extensive and have a greater historic interest. East of Brangman's Island is Non-such, the quarantine detention station, (used by Dr. William Beebe as a base for his deep-sea explorations) and then Cooper's Island, the home of regiments of land crabs, which scurry into their burrows, like prairie dogs, at the slightest noise. The beaches are composed of sand almost as fine as sifted flour, and on them are thrown quantities of the little pink and green shells that native jewellers utilise in trinkets. There is a natural bridge and the island is invested with a romance of hidden treasure. "The marks and signe of it," according to the deposition of Joseph Ming, "were three yallow wood trees, that stood tryangular upon one of wch was a plate of brass nailed, and on the other were severall names or letttrs cutt thereon." That redoubtable "king," Christopher Carter, grandfather of Joseph Ming, found a quantity of ambergris on Cooper's, and with this he purchased the island, being convinced that he would find the treasure, although the proprietors offered him St. David's, which was a greater bargain. Of course, Carter never found the treasure and his investment proved to be a

costly one, for, under the terms of the purchase, he was obliged to maintain at his own expense a garrison of seven men at Pembroke's Fort, the island redoubt. It will be remembered that a yellow wood tree also figured in the Ireland Island treasure tale. The Cooper's Island trees disappeared long ago; the treasure is still to be recovered.

Cooper's Island completes the list of points of interest—the principal points. A month is a brief space in which to see them; indeed, you might profitably spend six months or a year in your rambles, for, though circumscribed, Bermuda is kaleidoscopic. She is not wholly known to her people. If they who live there year after year can find new pictures, new viewpoints, what must there be in store for the casual visitor?

CHAPTER XIV

A PLAYGROUND FOR THE SPORTSMAN

IF ONE were to take an air voyage over Bermuda — a journey of twenty minutes perhaps — one would see a series of golf courses, green and alluring; miles of broad beaches, some deserted, others never overcrowded with bathers; scores of tennis courts; fleets of sailing yachts and speed boats; innumerable bicycles winding along roads that lie like white ribbons over the land; perhaps a mounted group putting their horses at the jumps in a cross-country run. All this is evidence that Bermuda bids the sportsman welcome; evidence, too, of the universal desire for exercise in the open air. In older days Bermuda was regarded not as a playground but merely as a health resort. Visitors were content to take leisurely drives, to picnic on the beaches, to rusticate in flower gardens where tea was served in truly British manner, and to lead an idyllic life far from the main highways of mankind. It is still possible to lead the simple life in Bermuda, but modern tourists want little of it. They arrive, armed with golf clubs, tennis rackets, sometimes with sailboats and speed boats; they have come to play, and play they do.

When the visitor — at least the young visitor — lands, he performs a recognized ritual. He rents a bicycle — the household god of Bermuda. He soon discovers that he has not forgotten to push a bike and that years of riding in motor cars have softened his leg muscles. Before the soreness has worn off he has acquired the native habit, enforced by law, of riding on the left, instead of the right, side of the road and perhaps has been warned by a constable that lamp-lighting time for bicycles and carriages is more than a legal formality. And he finds that the bicycle, considered useful in the north only for small boys and girls, is a very desirable steed in Bermuda. It enables him to keep his dates promptly, it takes him wandering over the islands; makes him, in fact, an explorer in his own right. By the time his holiday ends, he has high respect for his wheel and a better pair of legs. Moreover, he understands why the Bermudian and his wife ride nonchalantly to parties in evening dress, and why there are in daily use some 13,000 wheels, all numbered and licensed.

If one asked a Bermudian to name the true native sport, his answer would be yachting. He would explain that, although sailing conditions in Bermuda can hardly be surpassed anywhere, the islander's love of boats springs from his sea-

faring traditions. His ancestors were seamen trained in the exacting school of sail, and his ability to handle a boat is a natural inheritance. Before the days of steam, comprehensive charts, and buoyed channels the Bermuda pilots gained the admiration of every shipmaster with whom they came in contact. They knew the ways of ships and never lost their heads under baffling conditions. Taking a position in the top or on the forecastle, the pilot directed the vessel's course through the reefs, simply by noting the changing shades of the water, and in masterly style would pick out a devious passage, even in half a gale.

In similar manner the coloured yacht pilot, standing by the mast, cons the brown shoal-patches, keeps an eye on the weather, and directs the helmsman. He knows what to avoid and how to stand clear of danger spots. At night, when the novice sees only a blur of darkness, the pilot has an uncanny way of choosing the safe course. Experience has taught him to remember his landmarks. A hole in the water-worn rock, a clump of cedars, somebody's window lamp, a lone palmetto — these and other marks he picks up one by one; never for a moment is he confused or at loss for a bearing. Never sail without a pilot is sound advice for those unaccustomed to Bermuda waters. He knows his boat, what the wind

is likely to do in a certain quarter, where and how far to go. One may trust his judgment and his eyesight, and one can learn a lot from him. The professional pilot, however, does not enter the racing picture; the sport is for amateurs alone.

The pattern of Bermuda yachting has changed with the years. Gone are the days when boats were of odd sizes, when handicaps puzzled race committees, when racing craft were heavy and clumsy and little more than glorified freight carriers modeled somewhat like the trading sloops of eighteenth-century Bermuda. Gone, too, is the picturesque native dinghy, that tiny, undecked boat which, under a smother of canvas, was kept afloat in a stiff breeze only by constant bailing, and which taught her crew tricks of seamanship never to be forgotten. One thing, however, remains — the Bermuda rig, which has spread over the world as a genuine contribution to the science and sport of yachting.

Bermudians were rather slow to discard old models for new; and for a time the sport lagged, awaiting perhaps the development of another generation of skippers more in harmony with modern trends in yachting. A few boats were imported, others were constructed in the islands, and it is worthy of note that during this period the famous American designer, Nathanael G. Herreshoff, fre-

quently visited Bermuda with his own pleasure craft, becoming keenly interested in the work of native builders. His influence made itself felt, but it was not until the one-design class was adopted that Bermuda yachting found a new lease of life. In 1925, W. Starling Burgess of New York was commissioned to draw plans of such a class for members of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. Seven of these boats were built in Germany and delivered the next year, and since that time yachting in Bermuda has attained a strong position. In 1927 Long Island Sound yachtsmen were invited to send a team of four interclub class boats to race against a team of four Bermuda one-designs. This event was followed by similar invasions in subsequent years and led to visits of Bermuda boats to Long Island waters.

In 1928, three Bermuda yachtsmen, feeling that it would be advisable to stimulate the sport still further, ordered three one-design six-metre boats, which were designed and built by Bjarne Aas of Norway. The six-metres more than fulfilled expectations and gave to Bermuda a definite place in the field of international yachting. Soon after their arrival in 1929, they sailed a series of races against three American six-metre boats, and a few months later two of the Bermuda sixes returned

the compliment by visiting Long Island Sound, where they were highly successful in team and individual racing.

The annual racing fortnight of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, usually held in April on the course of the Great and Little Sounds, brings to the islands some of the most resourceful American skippers who match wits, one-designs, and six-metres against rivals for whom they have high regard. Sometimes the visitors win, sometimes they lose; whatever the result, the regatta ends with the genuine, sportsmanlike feeling that the qualities of the boats and the skill of their masters have been fairly tested. A coveted trophy for which the six-metres contend every year is the cup given by the Prince of Wales to the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club for the encouragement of international racing.

Bermuda has taken a leaf from the book of American yachtsmen in seeking to encourage youngsters to follow the sport. For some years past the Long Island yachting fellowship has been training boys and girls in the fine art of handling small boats; now Bermuda boys, thanks to the Yacht Club, have similar opportunities. In 1931 the club ordered a fleet of twelve-foot sailing dinghies — eighteen in number — from England and the youngsters who sail them will no doubt be

found at the tillers of larger boats in future years.

The old type of Bermuda open dinghy, already mentioned in this chapter, evokes stirring memories. As a boat the dinghy was unique. She was built of native cedar and was only 14 feet 1 inch over all — the limit of length under the rules — but her sailspread, limited only by the judgment of her owner, was astonishing. Three suits were provided — the largest one for light weather, another for moderate breezes, the third for strong winds. Each leg-o'-mutton mainsail was bent to its own mast. Some idea of the amount of sail carried in light weather is apparent from the size of the spars. The bowsprit was longer than the boat, the mast twice as long, and there was nearly as much canvas on the boom as on the mast. The spinnaker had nearly as much cloth as jib and mainsail combined.

The boat had a lead-filled false keel, with a deep sheet-iron jaw or "fan" attached, but despite this weight below water the dinghy was so "tender" that she would capsize when her mast was stepped unless men and ballast were aboard. The element of instability gave the crew opportunities to show their seamanship, particularly when the wind came in sudden squalls.

The crew was composed of four men, sometimes six, and a boy. The youngster was the bailer.

He sat in the bottom, bailed continually, and kept the boat free from water. He worked hard, but if the breeze softened and less weight was needed he jumped overboard and swam until a friendly spectator picked him up. The captain or "connor" sat on the gunwale opposite the mast and handled the jib sheets. Next to him was the man who shifted ballast, then the one who held the main sheets, and finally the steersman. The "connor" sailed the boat and the fact that he was "connor" proved that he had become a master of the art of dinghy sailing. Keen of eye, and self-reliant, he not only watched his antagonists, but took advantage of every slant of wind, passing his orders to the steersman. A slight ripple far ahead, or the behaviour of other boats often told the "connor" what he wanted to know, and luffing, luffing, he worked his craft to a windward position and to victory—if he made no mistakes.

With every stitch of canvas drawing and the mast buckling like whalebone, with her lee gunwhale under water and her men leaning so far out to windward that their backs were flecked with foam—that is the way the old Bermuda dinghy drove along under the impetus of a full breeze. And all while the boy was bailing and the ballast-shifter was juggling heavy pigs of lead, resting

one on his knees and another on his chest as he stretched his length over the weather side, his toes braced in cleats. It was a picture never to be forgotten. Turning the weather stakeboat, sheets were slacked and the spinnaker was broken out. This was a tricky moment, for the weight of canvas forward caused the boat to bury her head. All hands huddled aft and there they sat, seemingly between two walls of foam. Little of the boat could be seen. If the load of canvas proved to be too heavy, there was only one ending. The dinghy rolled, buried and slowly sank, leaving the crew floundering in the water. As she went down a buoy attached to the boat floated to the surface, and salvage operations began immediately. Often it was possible to pull the boat to the surface and rig her with a dry suit of sails in time for the next event.

Eldon H. Trimmingham, one of the most skilful yachtsmen ever bred in Bermuda, has called dinghy racing "acrobatic sailing" and pointed out that certain manœuvres which are constantly used in decked boats could not be attempted without disastrous results in a racing dinghy. He attributes the decline of the sport to the fact that Bermuda has taken up international racing, which demands standard rather than unique designs in competing craft.



Walter Rutherford

THE LURE OF SUN AND SAND — ELBOW BEACH.

The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club has a long and honourable history. It was organized as the Bermuda Yacht Club by a group of civilians and army officers at a meeting held under Tom Moore's calabash tree on November 1, 1844, the first commodore being Lord Mark Kerr of the Twentieth Regiment. Its first regatta was held in 1845, when Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, became a member of the club and Queen Victoria gave permission for the organisation to be called the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. Two years later the Lords of the Admiralty authorized the club to fly the blue ensign of the Royal Navy with its own distinctive emblem thereon. This was an honour few colonial yacht clubs then enjoyed, for vessels flying the red ensign must first salute the blue. There are several old challenge cups in the club's possession, among them one presented by the late Duke of Edinburgh, who succeeded his father as patron, and another by Princess Louise, who visited Bermuda in 1883. In 1901 the Prince of Wales, now King George V, became the club's patron. His Majesty, an ardent yachtsman, saw service as a young naval captain at Bermuda; he was then the Duke of York, with no thought of ever ascending the throne. Two other clubs are active in local racing — the Hamilton Dinghy Club and the St. George's Yacht Club.

One of the American yachting classics is the biennial ocean race from New London to Bermuda. Sometimes a Bermuda boat is entered in the contest; usually Bermudians are found among the crews of various yachts. The race is only for those who enjoy the rough and tumble of deep water. It is by no means a picnic; in bad weather it means days of hard, wet work, with cold food and very little sleep. Also it is a good test in navigation, for Bermuda is not an easy place to find even under the best conditions, and a slight error in calculation will carry a boat off her course and perhaps past the islands. The first of these races was organized in 1906 by Thomas Fleming Day of New York and was sailed for a cup donated by Sir Thomas Lipton. The event has maintained its popularity through the years; moreover, it has had the effect of creating among American yachtsmen a group of competent navigators and a fleet of sturdy yachts suitable for deep water racing.

The fisherman who tries his luck in Bermuda waters may be disappointed particularly if he is familiar with the grounds off the Florida and Southern California coasts. He will not encounter the sailfish or the tarpon or tuna; he will learn that the big Bermuda fish make deep soundings; that an offshore voyage in a relatively small boat

is necessary to reach them; and that the handline instead of the rod is used. Local conditions are such that fishing is not the keen sport which one finds in Florida; nevertheless, the salt water angler can have his measure of fun in Bermuda and probably some surprises if he puts himself in the hands of a native fisherman who knows the secrets of reefs and deeps.

There are a respectable number of Bermuda fish with the fighting instinct. The dean is the rockfish, running up to one hundred pounds — a worthy antagonist that burns the line into tender fingers and leaves memories of a sharp battle. The amber fish, the hogfish, and the chub are game all the way through; the pink snapper, living many fathoms deep, is a prize for any man's dinner table. For downright treachery green and spotted morays, long, supple and slimy, are to be commended. Israel, a leather-skinned fisherman of veracity, as fishermen go, often related with proper emphasis the tale of how he and his partner, Toby, caught and lost a green moray as large as a man. Toby violated all ethics of the game by trying to haul the fish over the gunwale before it had been dispatched, and both men were viciously attacked. "To get rid of the devil," as Israel said, they shinned the mast and capsized the dinghy. Believe the yarn or not, it is fool-

hardy to take chances with the teeth of a green moray; one that was captured for the New York Aquarium bit a piece out of a thick plank in its struggle for liberty.

One of the thrills of night offshore fishing are provided by cub sharks. They appear suddenly, bent on mischief. They cavort, plunge, and stir up the phosphorescent sea — a hungry, ugly mob. All other fishing suspends, but the sharks are a show in themselves; one can have as many of them as one wants. For some reason or other the ordinary person shudders at the idea of eating shark, but the highly spiced dish that a Bermuda cook can make out of a sixpenny cub is not to be scorned.

In May, when the groupers are “snapping” along the south shore, there is the fastest kind of fishing. Big, strong, and endowed with enormous mouths, the groupers are ravenous and reckless, biting even at unbaited hooks. Grouper fishing is highly professional. Just before the fish are due to arrive, the grounds are baited and anyone who has not contributed his share of bait is an unwelcome visitor when fishing actually begins. The boats anchor bow to bow in a circle and every effort is made to keep the fish alive and in good condition. A few of the larger boats have wells into which the captives are dumped; the others

trail out lines on which the fish are strung and kept overboard. The groupers on the lines become "winded" or inflated, and thus they are towed ashore after the day's fishing to be put into "ponds" and fattened for market. Cub sharks sometimes raid the lines, but the shark is a hazard that must be expected. Only hardy amateurs who are immune to seasickness dare take a hand in grouper fishing; even so, too many hours of tossing in a small boat under a hot sun are likely to take toll of the hardiest.

Some of the smaller fishes, such as breams, grunts, sailor's choice, grey snappers and porgies are plentiful in shallow water, where one can watch them nibble at the bait, but others are too shy to touch a hook and must be trapped in "pots" or taken in nets. The great variety of species, and their brilliant colouring, apart from their qualities as game, are sources of delight to the sportsman who is also more or less of a naturalist. It is a very simple matter to turn naturalist in Bermuda. Just put on a diving helmet, have yourself lowered to bottom, stroll among the sea gardens, and make friends with the fishes. There is no danger, for the air that is pumped into the helmet keeps the water out, and through little windows the diver sees an enthralling submarine world. The diving helmet has added a thrill to bathing in

Bermuda. One adventure with a helmet leads to others.

Of the ordinary bathing, little need be said. The water, clear as crystal and never polluted — water that rolls in from the deep ocean — speaks eloquently for itself. One may have surf or still water bathing; there are also numerous pools. Bathing in primitive Bermuda fashion is delightful. Take a boat to an uninhabited island, undress behind a convenient bush and get into bathing togs, then plunge overboard — that is the way. Men use one side of the island as a dressing room, the women the other. Not a soul disturbs the party. Afterwards, a picnic on the rocks. Bermudians stand by the good old custom of picnicking; they carry tea kettles, spirit lamps, water bottles and every necessity for a square meal, and thus give an air of sociability to a bathing expedition. A word of warning to sun bathers! Don't overdo it; get your sunburn gradually. Too many bathers, unaware of the power of the Bermuda sun suddenly find themselves with burns that are more than superficial, and they become medical cases, suffering torture for days.

From time to time groups of famous swimmers give exhibitions in Bermuda, while the annual lawn tennis and golf tournaments attract American,

Canadian and British players of high calibre. Bermuda has many excellent clay, cement, and turf tennis courts and also offers the best of sport to the golfer; in fact, the islands are a golfer's haven second to none. Several of the Bermuda courses were laid out by noted golf architects whose ingenuity in taking advantage of the rolling terrain is apparent even to the most hopeless duffer. The first of the eighteen-hole courses to be laid out was that of the Riddell's Bay Golf and Country Club in Warwick Parish, covering a wide neck of land jutting out into the Great Sound. Here is delightful golfing country with water on three sides and a sweeping panorama of the Warwick hills, the islands of the Great Sound, and the city of Hamilton. The clubhouse is a typical old Bermuda dwelling, and nearby are cottages for visiting players who want to settle down for a long sojourn. Also in Warwick is the eighteen-hole course of Belmont Manor Hotel, rolling over picturesque country and attracting many players. A nine-hole course, connected with Elbow Beach Hotel is on the south shore of Paget, while on the north shore of Devonshire, below Prospect and northeast of Hamilton is the Devonshire course, which was originally built for the officers of the garrison. This also is a nine-hole course, and so is the Frascati course, at the Flatts — an attract-

ive bit of golfing country with views commanding the ocean and the Harrington Sound district.

Golfers of many lands know Mid-Ocean, which is recognised as one of the premier courses in the Western Hemisphere. Mid-Ocean covers part of a tract of several hundred acres fronting on Harrington Sound, Castle Harbour, and the Atlantic. Its charm lies not only in its superb fairways but in its impressive scenery — long beaches backed by rugged cliffs, sand dunes bound together by trailing vines, wooded hills, striking vistas of thundering surf and peaceful water. Mid-Ocean is more than a golf course; it is a restricted park with a large modern clubhouse and attractive villas that follow the Bermuda style of architecture. The course, with three tees for each of its eighteen holes, is a monument to its designers, Charles B. MacDonald, first amateur golf champion of the United States, and Seth J. Raynor. After the task had been completed, Mr. MacDonald made this enthusiastic comment: "I can assure my golfing friends, a more fascinating, more picturesque, course than the Mid-Ocean will not be found in a pilgrimage around the world."

Not far from Mid-Ocean is the eighteen-hole Castle Harbour Hotel course, which was laid out by Charles Banks. The setting is singularly fascinating; the diversified scenic effect is one of

great beauty. At St. George's is the nine-hole course of the St. George Hotel. The fairways traverse rolling land behind the Meteorological Station at Fort George toward the ocean on the north shore of St. George's Island. Another nine-hole course at St. George's covers part of the property owned by the Biological Station at Shore Hills.

Wherever the British flag flies, there you will find soccer, cricket and horse racing. Bermuda is no exception to the rule. The Bermuda boy takes as readily to cricket as he does to a boat, and scattered over the islands are numerous elevens, white and coloured, naval and military. The coloured people are especially keen on cricket and turn out first-rate players, even sending teams to New York for matches with the coloured elevens of the metropolitan district. The annual match between the Somerset and St. George's coloured elevens draws the largest gallery to be seen at any Bermuda sporting event. Good cricket it always is, played with a fine knowledge of the game and with all the traditional etiquette.

Horsemen can find good mounts in Bermuda and glorious stretches of beach for a gallop. The Hunt Club affords them opportunities to join its paper chases over fairly stiff country, and in winter they can attend the race meets at Shelly

Bay course. Although this track is unsuitable for first-class racing it has its traditions, and its meets are well patronized. When the Bermuda Derby is run a procession of carriages, donkey traps and bicycles converges upon the course, for this is not only a sporting event but a social occasion.

CHAPTER XV

METHOD OF GOVERNMENT

BERMUDIANS govern themselves through the medium of a Colonial Parliament, consisting of the House of Assembly, a body of thirty-six elected members, and the Legislative Council of nine members, who are appointed by the Crown. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, usually a lieutenant-general either of the Royal Artillery or Engineers, is also a Crown appointee, serving from three to five years.

The census of 1931 gave the population as 27,789, the divisions being as follows: White — male, 6090; female, 5263; coloured — male, 8084; female, 8352. The census total of 1921 was 20,127. Thus the population showed an increase of 7662 in ten years, a marked increase in the number of white inhabitants being recorded. In 1921, 7006 white inhabitants and 13,121 coloured were counted; in 1931, the count was 11,353 white, 16,436 coloured. The population density, after deducting naval and military property from the colony's total area, was 1,625 per square mile. The bulk of the population is concentrated in Pembroke, Paget, Devonshire, Sandys and St. George's parishes.

Political and economic codes handed down

through generations have produced some anomalies which are worthy of attention. Any man, white or coloured, is qualified to stand for election to the House of Assembly if he possesses a freehold rated at £240, the rating always being the actual value of the property, and he may be a candidate in any parish. To exercise the franchise a man must receive the profits of a freehold rated at £60. In this connection a husband is legally entitled to be registered in respect of his wife's real estate, and a voter holding property in two or more parishes may vote in those parishes. Thus a freeholder may have several votes.

Each of the nine parishes returns four members to the Assembly, without regard to the size of their respective constituencies, and while this system of distribution is contrary to the recognised principle that a small number of voters shall not have the same parliamentary representation as a larger number, it is satisfactory to the Bermudians inasmuch as it equalises the voice of each parish in the affairs of government and prevents that concentration of administration which is so much to be feared in a small colony having representative institutions. The tenacity with which the older families have retained their holdings, and the absence of thrift on the part of the working class are factors which have operated to concentrate

property in the hands of a comparatively few individuals, and notwithstanding the small sum necessary to enable a man to qualify as a voter, there were in 1931 only 1807 electors, of which 1077 were white and 730 coloured.

These are the men who actually rule Bermuda through their chosen representatives, but the very land which gives property holders the right to vote is not taxed for purposes of general revenue, and the monetary support they extend to the government is not greater than that given by their tenants, to whom political privileges are denied. That is to say, tenant as well as landlord, pays his share of indirect taxation through the tariff, which provides the bulk of revenue. The property holder, however, supports certain parish and municipal enterprises, but his assessments are exceedingly small, by comparison with other countries, and he lives as nearly tax free as he might wish. One might say almost without contradiction that the Bermudian's burden of taxes is the lightest in existence.

In recent years aliens have been allowed to acquire property, but they are not permitted to vote on it, although subjected to parochial assessments and jury duty. Before the alien law was enacted the property of a woman who married an alien might pass to the government by escheat, and this

legal obstacle was supposed to have prevented some women from marrying outside of Bermuda. At all events, the islands once were credited with an excess of "old maids," but the roving nature of the men in old days may have had as much to do with female celibacy as the law. With the beginning of more cordial relations between Great Britain and the United States in the Spanish-American war period, Bermuda ceased to be regarded primarily as a fortress, and this circumstance, combined with the disposition of Americans to maintain winter residences there, was responsible for a more liberal policy toward aliens. The alien legislation, however, is not intended to encourage the acquisition of property for speculative purposes, and attempts in this direction would be frustrated by the Governor in Council, in whom is vested power to approve or disapprove purchases by persons who hold allegiance to countries other than Great Britain. The total area of land held by aliens cannot, under the law, exceed 2000 acres.

General elections are held every five years, but as the electoral body is too small to demand the aid of party machinery, political contests are matters of individuals rather than of policies. Members of the house are therefore free to serve their constituents without interference from partisan

sources. They receive a nominal salary or fee of eight shillings for each day's attendance, but this sum merely covers travelling expenses in the case of a majority; accordingly, the honour of service is the chief reward held out to the candidate.

Public office attracts, as it has always, members of the more conspicuous families, and notwithstanding the disparity of electors, the legislators generally are amenable to public opinion when vital issues are concerned, rarely failing in the long run to accomplish their duty toward the people as a whole. The very fact that the public debt has been kept within prudent limits and adequately protected, and the additional fact that the colony is self-supporting and able to meet its yearly obligations, are indications of conservatism in legislation and proof of the Bermudian's capacity for self-government.

The revenue is derived from *ad valorem* duties amounting to 12½ per cent, from moderate specific duties, from lighthouse tolls (paid by incoming ships), receipts of the postal establishment, court and office fees, and miscellaneous items. Out of the revenue are supported legislative, judicial, and customs establishments, an island constabulary, jails, a lunatic asylum, library, museum, and experiment garden; and the government engages

in public works and maintains approximately one hundred miles of good roads, of which the colony is justly proud. A fair proportion of the expense for the executive branch of government is also borne by the colony.

Writing in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January, 1922, William H. Taft, said: "We must realize, in calling that of Bermuda a popular government, that it is a government of landed holders and not of manhood electors," but, he added, it is "efficient." One reason for its efficiency and financial stability lies in its sound system of budgetary control, whereby expenditures are carefully checked against the annual revenue. The government has usually lived within its yearly income and has often been able to show a substantial surplus in the treasury. The Bermuda Blue Book states that the total revenue for 1930 amounted to £429,190, and the expenditures to £409,512.

Dating from 1620, the Colonial Parliament is one of the oldest law-making bodies in existence. In the beginning legislative functions of the colonists were subject to the by-laws and regulations of the Bermuda Company, but with the abrogation of the company's charter the power of the House was greatly extended, as its duties, instead of mainly concerning the private affairs of the proprietors, took cognisance of the whole field of posi-

tive law. Controversies between the Assembly and various governors arose upon occasions, particularly during the American War of the Revolution, but their differences usually related to matters political, and no serious constitutional question was ever raised. No constitutional change, in fact no change of any importance, has taken place in the House since the company's charter was annulled.

What may be termed the constitutional privileges of the House of Commons, the right to grant supplies, to appropriate grants, to claim redress of grievances before supplies are granted, seem always to have been among the admitted privileges of the House of Assembly. The Council is the lineal descendant of the company's Council, which was appointed by the Governor, sat with the Assembly, and concerned itself with the enforcement of the law. After 1683 the Council was appointed by the Crown, and until 1888 it sat not only as the upper branch of the Parliament, but as the Governor's advisory body, giving assent in the latter capacity to bills passed by the House of Assembly. The law of 1888 created two councils, — one legislative, the other executive, both having certain members in common. In recent years three members of the House have been appointed to the Executive Council while retaining their elective

offices. Membership of the Legislative Council includes the chief justice, who acts as president, the colonial secretary and receiver general, the theory being that these officials, by their contact with administrative affairs, are peculiarly fitted to mould legislation.

The work of the Legislature is distinguished by the absence of those methods of obstruction which sometimes find favour in the House of Commons and in the Congress of the United States. Bills may be introduced in either House, with this important exception: that bills involving the expenditure of public money must originate in the House of Assembly, and with regard to these bills the Council has only the power of acceptance or rejection *in toto*, not of amendment on details. By this rule public expenditures are placed in the hands of representatives of the voting class.

Bills are read three times in the House, the discussion taking place on the second reading, when the members go into the committee of the whole to consider details. This procedure permits a member to address the chair as frequently as he pleases, and there is less formality than in the House, for with the speaker in the chair a member may speak only once, although the original mover is privileged to speak once in reply.

After passing three readings a bill is sent to the

other legislative branch for concurrence. There it passes through similar stages, and, if amended, is sent back to the House in which it originated. If this House concurs, no complications arise; if it does not, the other House has the option of insisting upon its changes or accepting the measure in its original form. If it insists, the bill is lost; if it does not insist, the bill is passed and laid before the Governor, who usually gives his assent unless there has been some informality in the manner of introduction.

Unless there is a "suspending clause" the bill then becomes law, but if such a clause is attached, providing that "this act shall not come into operation until His Majesty's pleasure has been made known concerning the same," the measure awaits the royal pleasure before enactment. The suspending clause is not on every bill, but is usually added to measures of great public importance, or those which make drastic changes in the existing law.

Local affairs in the parishes are conducted by "vestries," which are chosen yearly by the electors. The vestries have charge of the relief of the poor and pauper lunatics, acting also as local boards of health. To carry out these objects they are empowered to impose assessments on real estate.

The parochial system is an ancient institution,

dating back to the days of settlement. When no church or denomination was recognised by law except the Church of England, the vestries were authorised to raise money for the maintenance of the parish churches and ministry by an assessment of all property held by persons in connection with the Established Church and others, and pew rents were appropriated to the relief of the poor and various secular purposes. In 1867, however, it was deemed just to exonerate from liability to assessment for the Church of England all persons who contributed toward the maintenance of other churches. Elective bodies called church vestries were thereupon instituted to control all matters pertaining to the Church of England, and pew rents were restricted exclusively to the use of parish churches. The vestries were also permitted to assess communicants when pew rents proved insufficient to maintain church and clergy. Grants by the government to the Church of England are no longer allowed, and the Bermuda Church Society, organised in 1876 to accumulate a fund for the benefit of the clergy, has taken the place of the Treasury, thus fulfilling the purposes of its founders, who saw the necessity of providing against the day when legislative aid would no longer be forthcoming. In Bermuda as in most of the British colonies the Established

Church holds the premier position; but other religious bodies, more particularly the Wesleyan Methodist, Presbyterian, and African Methodist, are strong numerically and possess valuable property, which is held either by trust, deed, or special act of the Legislature.

Only within recent years has Bermuda possessed any but an archaic judicial system. While the Bermuda Company existed, certain members of the Council performed the duties of chief justice, and practically all the jurisdiction was on the common law side, with juries to hear the cases. A few years after the abolition of the company a chief justice was appointed, the court holding the lengthy title of "King's Bench Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery," and taking cognisance of both civil and criminal matters.

Later, the Governor in Council began to exercise equitable functions, sitting as a Court of Chancery, and in many cases affording relief to parties to whom justice was not forthcoming in the King's Bench by reason of the highly technical nature of the pleading and practice in this court. In 1744 the Legislature abolished appeals to the Governor in Council as the Court of Chancery, but established the same body as the Court of Errors to hear appeals from the common law court (King's Bench). Thus there was the

anomaly of the Governor in Council — a purely lay body — exercising a jurisdiction as the Court of Chancery concurrent with the common law court, as well as a superior jurisdiction at common law as the Court of Appeal from the King's Bench. Naturally, inconveniences arose from this state of affairs, and they influenced the work of the court so late as the year 1908.

The courts continued to exist as set forth, with statutory changes in detail only, until 1814, when the Legislature fused all common law jurisdictions into one court, that of General Assize, and brought the practice up to the English standard of that date. In 1876 the equity jurisdiction was taken from the Governor in Council and placed in the Court of Assize, though the former body still continued to hear appeals from the latter. The great difficulty which faced the common law courts lay in the complicated nature of their rules and regulations. Up to the latter part of the eighteenth century the pleadings, or statements of fact relied upon by either party to a cause and filed by them before action were in Latin, and practically up to 1904 technical errors in pleadings were fatal to clients, who had to start afresh after paying costs already incurred.

From time to time acts were passed with the purpose of simplifying the work of dispensing

justice, but they were of little value, and the old order continued until Chief Justice Gollan arrived from England in 1904. He proceeded to rip up the planks of ancient fabric, and the Legislature, at his suggestion, merged all courts, whether common law or chancery, into one, termed the Supreme Court, fused law and equity, and gave the court power to make rules governing the pleading and practice. As a consequence, the technicalities of former days have disappeared, and the court's business is despatched with greater facility.

The last change in the judicial system took place in 1908. Then the Legislature abolished the Court of Errors, which had subsisted in the Governor in Council for upward of one hundred and seventy years, and directed that in future all appeals should be from the Supreme Court direct to the King in Council.

CHAPTER XVI

BERMUDA'S DEVELOPMENT

Several distinct phases mark the social and economic development of Bermuda. We see, first of all, the difficult period of settlement, beginning in 1612, and a courageous people pioneering under primitive conditions. Bound to the practise of agriculture by their masters, the shareholders of the Bermuda Company in London, these tenant-farmers faced for many years nothing but hardship and poverty, often abuse and disease. They cleared the land, planted tobacco, and cultivated vegetables, but the soil gave meagre returns and they could never satisfy the demands of the London shareholders, absentee landlords most of them. Bermuda was not a paying venture from the corporate viewpoint; its resources were too slim. Time, however, played into the hands of the settlers, who, as events proved, actually had the better end of the bargain, and in 1684, when the Bermuda Company was legally dissolved and the colony reverted to the Crown, the people found themselves in a position where they could progress without undue restriction.

Next came what might be called the "maritime

era." The colonists, now their own masters, and thoroughly convinced that at best farming was an uncertain occupation, looked toward the sea. They built small ships of cedar; they traded in the West Indies and along the seaboard of the American colonies; they raked salt in the Bahamas; they engaged in privateering; some of them hoisted the black flag of piracy. They became known as first-rate seamen and shipwrights and they sold to the buccaneers of the West Indies native-built sloops, or barques, as they were then called — craft that easily outsailed the larger and clumsier vessels that were prey for the freebooters.

How the Bermudians neglected agriculture when they followed the sea, their precarious position during the American Revolution, and the dissolution of their merchant fleet, are facts related in previous chapters. Nevertheless, their seafaring enterprises fostered a self-reliant spirit and laid the foundation for a more substantial mode of living. Bermuda was still a struggling colony, although it had justified the faith of its people.

With the abolition of slavery under British dominion in 1834, Bermuda's maritime era came to an end and there followed a new development in which the Imperial Government played a large rôle. The War of 1812 had taught Britain that, strategically, the Bermudas occupied an important

position in relation to trade routes leading to the American coast and to the West Indies. British overseas trade was growing and the Empire was expanding; hence it was desirable to have in mid-Atlantic a fortified outpost for the protection of commerce. Over a long period of years huge sums were expended on the Bermuda dockyard, on fortifications, barracks, and other military works. No effort was spared to make Bermuda an impregnable fortress, adequately garrisoned and supplied. And, it may be stated parenthetically, that Bermuda, with its ring of reefs, was regarded as a second Gibraltar until modern long range guns and airplanes and dirigibles completely changed the aspect of warfare on sea and land.

This phase of development also witnessed attempts to improve methods of agriculture, efforts that were destined to lead to a considerable export trade in farm products. Another source of revenue was concerned with the sea. These were the great days of sailing ships, and vessels in distress were constantly driven to the islands, thus giving work to salvage crews and repair yards. Some of the lame ducks, as the shipping men called them, were abandoned by the underwriters and many more, refitted, went to sea again, their names passing into memory. With the decline of sail, the Bermuda shipping firms turned their attention to

the coaling trade, the heavy winter gales of the Atlantic bringing them a succession of tramp steamers in need of fuel to carry them to their destinations. The trade, though dependent on varying weather conditions, maintained its vigour and was profitable until larger, more efficient freighters came into being, to be followed by oil-burning steamers and motor ships. In the latter part of this period the basis of the tourist trade was laid, and it increased slowly in volume until the Great War put a temporary end to the business. For the greater part of the war Bermuda was almost bereft of passenger steamship service, but soon after hostilities ceased the tourist trade was revived and stimulated to a degree hitherto deemed impossible.

No record of recent Bermuda history would be complete without recognition of the tourist invasion which, though peaceful in nature, wrought within a few years many physical changes and stirred the currents of native life for better or worse, according to the viewpoint. The tourist army was recruited under the banner of a persistent advertising campaign launched by the Colonial Government, acting through the Bermuda Trade Development Board, and strongly supported by the steamship interests. The results of the campaign exceeded all expectations. Not

only did the tourists come in steadily increasing numbers, but in their train came many problems and perplexities. There was, for instance, the necessity for larger, faster and more comfortable passenger steamships. These were provided. Larger ships called for deeper and wider channels. Accordingly, the government was compelled to embark upon an extensive programme of channel improvement. Existing hotels proved to be inadequate; more were provided. The demand for sports facilities required the building of a chain of golf courses. Telephone and electric light and power services were obliged to expand; the burden laid upon inland transportation — the horse and carriage — resulted in the construction of a railway. Moreover, overseas communications were improved, the submarine cable connecting Bermuda with Halifax and Jamaica being supplemented by a wireless telegraph station and finally by a radio telephone service to North America. The capital outlay for all this development ran into millions of pounds sterling, which in time was largely offset by the expenditures of the tourists, most of whom were Americans.

When Bermuda first opened her campaign to attract visitors the advertising appeal was directed chiefly to those who sought a mild winter climate; later the appeal was broadened to include

summer vacationists, in view of the fact that Bermuda temperatures in the warm months compare favorably with those of many northern resorts. Today the islands are an all-year playground, with steamship facilities that correspond to an ocean ferry service. The mass of tourists embark at New York, but Bermuda has direct steamship connections with other American ports, with Canadian ports, the West Indies and England. The liners built especially for the Bermuda trade are unique in their accommodations and appointments and are a revelation to voyagers who made the crossing in older days and recall the size and arrangements of the ships aboard which they travelled. Apart from the regular services, West Indian cruising ships often make Bermuda a port of call on the way south; on occasions special week-end cruises are made from New York to the islands by liners in the transatlantic trade.

The Bermuda hotels range from the de luxe type to those which cater to people of moderate means. Boarding houses are available for visitors who do not care for the excitement of hotel life; furnished houses for those who intend to make a long sojourn and prefer their own exclusive establishments. The large permanent American colony includes people who have bought and remodeled old houses or built their own places. Low

taxes and the simplicity and freedom of Bermuda life are influences which have impelled a number of American families to make their homes in the colony.

Far-seeing Bermudians have realized that, although the tourist trade has brought unexampled prosperity to their little country, there is always the possibility that the flow of tourists may be diverted, to some degree at least, into different channels. In other words, these men contend that Bermuda should not have all of her eggs in one basket. Hence they urge wisely that the colony should remember the lessons of the past, develop its agricultural resources, and become more self-sufficient. Bermuda agriculture has been subject to periods of relative prosperity as well as discouragement. For many years New York was the farmer's natural market, to which in the winter and spring months he sent onions, potatoes, and green truck. He lost his market for onions when Texas found that it could grow onions of similar flavour and quality. Then he met strong competition from California and southern truck farmers, whose grading, packing, and methods of distribution were superior. Finally, the American high tariff policy virtually killed his market for everything except potatoes. Now he has turned to Canada, which gives free entry to Bermuda prod-

ucts and can absorb them before home-grown vegetables come on the market.

As Bermuda is a miniature land, farming is conducted on a small scale. A few acres suffices the ordinary farmer, but intensive methods of cultivation and a sun and climate that induce quick growth, enable him to get excellent results from the thin soil. He grows tomatoes, beets, cabbages, carrots and celery for export; his onions and potatoes are second to none. Two crops of potatoes are harvested—Bliss Triumphs, planted in September, and Chili Garnets, planted in January and February. Thus the farmer can market the greater part of the Triumph crop and the early portion of the Garnet crop when the American demand for new potatoes is at its maximum.

Another crop of importance is the sturdy and fragrant Easter Lily, which offers an alluring spectacle when the fields come into bloom in the spring. Although quantities of buds are shipped to the United States and Canada at Easter, the lily is grown for its bulb, which finds favour with northern florists and nurserymen because it produces strong, free-flowering plants. A successful effort has been made in Bermuda to use the Easter Lily and other flowers as a base for perfume; this industry apparently has excellent possibilities.

An American soldier, General Russell Hastings, who made his home in Bermuda, first cultivated the Easter Lily for commercial purposes, shipping the bulbs to New York florists, who bought them eagerly, and his enterprise led to the establishment of a lucrative industry, which reached a high peak in the closing years of the last century and then suddenly declined, owing chiefly to a marked deterioration in the stock. Subsequently, after patient experimentation, a strong and disease-free strain was developed, with the result that Bermuda bulbs again receive the recognition they merit.

When one meets a Bermuda farmer the chances are that he will prove to be not a native of British origin but a dark-skinned man, who was born under the Portuguese flag in the Azores, or whose father emigrated from those islands to make a home under the British flag. For the Portuguese is the backbone of Bermuda farming. He has the old-world love of the soil; he is industrious and adaptable; often his labour has brought him a fair measure of prosperity. Altogether he has proved himself to be a valuable asset to the colony. The farmer's interests are conserved by the Department of Agriculture, which maintains the Agriculture Station in Paget East, a few minutes by train from Hamilton. Here farming experi-



The Bermudian Studio

THE CAPITAL — HAMILTON AND ITS HARBOUR.

ments of a diverse nature and pathological studies of plant diseases are constantly carried on. The Agricultural Station has cultivated close relations with the Departments of Agriculture at Washington and Ottawa and with Kew Gardens in London, and as a consequence Bermuda has frequently called upon foreign scientists to aid in the task of meeting agricultural problems of especial interest to the colony. The knowledge made available by scientific research has been handed on to the farmer, with satisfying results in many cases.

Not only has the Department of Agriculture encouraged the farmer to pursue modern methods of husbandry; it has also concerned itself with the difficult task of distribution. Government inspection of produce destined for shipment abroad was followed by government grading and packing when a serious attempt was made to invade the Canadian market. Produce that is mechanically graded and carefully packed in approved crates at the Agricultural Station's packing sheds, is entitled to bear the government's label, an assurance of quality that is accepted by the consumer. Thus there is little doubt that the successful invasion of the Canadian market will, in years to come, permit the farmer to regain much of his lost ground and benefit the colony as a whole. An indication of the farmer's difficulties is found in

the fact that, in 1932, only 1,500 acres were under cultivation as compared with 3,000 ten years previously.

The writer ventures the opinion that Bermuda could, and should, grow much more produce for home consumption. The necessary land is available, the hotels offer a potential market for fresh vegetables, and if a steady supply of green stuff were available a substantial proportion of the population could be weaned away from canned goods. It is obvious that the colony is too dependent upon imported foodstuffs, too much inclined to live on the contents of tin and carton. This condition is reflected in a scale of food prices that is ridiculously high when compared with prices in American and Canadian cities.

One is astonished to find so little native grown fruit in an island upon which Nature has lavished a remarkable variety of trees and shrubs. One finds bananas in small plantations, but one looks in vain for groves of citrus fruits. The curious visitor is told that at one period Bermuda produced quantities of peaches, oranges and figs; that the Mediterranean fruit fly — unknowingly introduced — virtually put an end to the cultivation of soft-skinned fruits; and that the loss of citrus fruits must be laid at the door of the purple scale, an even more serious pest. If Bermuda

fruits had a definite commercial value, it is probable that a strong effort would be made to eradicate, or at least control, these destructive pests; as the situation stands the effort is not considered to be worth the expenditure it would entail. This may be practical economy from a governmental point of view; nevertheless, Bermuda is poorer by having so little home-grown fruit.

One of the colony's most persistent problems, now in a fair way toward solution, can be stated in one word—water. The absence of springs and rivers, which is accounted for by the porous nature of the Bermuda limestone, has made the population dependent upon rainfall, the water being caught on the lime-washed roofs of houses and impounded in tanks and cisterns. Except in protracted periods of drought the supply of the individual householder has usually proved to be sufficient, although he has been careful at all times never to be wasteful. In fact, the water problem was not of vital importance until numerous hotels were built to meet the demands of a growing transient population and modern plumbing was introduced in dwellings. Various measures were adopted to meet the situation thus created. For example, in some localities hillsides were stripped to the rock and made to serve as rain catches in the manner of roofs; and at times water was imported

in the ballast tanks of steamships for hotel use. These devices, however, did not provide the necessary margin of safety; something more was required. In 1912 a deep well was driven in the vicinity of Gibb's Hill Lighthouse in the hope of tapping a hidden source. The drill went through limestone to a depth of 245 feet below sea level, then it struck volcanic rock, and next a bed of volcanic sand and gravel. From 560 to 1,278 feet basaltic lavas were encountered, and the experiment was ended. No water was produced, merely proof that the mountain platform on which Bermuda stands is of volcanic origin. Thus the experiment, although disappointing to its sponsors, was highly gratifying to geologists who had long sought adequate proof of the theory that the Bermuda mountain is an extinct volcano.

The drilling operation apparently disposed of the possibility of obtaining water from underground sources, and there the problem rested until the Honourable H. W. Watlington, member of the House from Devonshire Parish, determined to attack it from another angle. Mr. Watlington's attention had been drawn to the horizontal well system used in certain areas of the United States and he consulted two water engineers, Paul Norcross and Michael Singleton of Atlanta, Georgia, who made a report on the subject. The Bermuda

Parliament was then asked to appropriate funds for experimental work, but the petition was refused. Subsequently, Mr. Watlington discussed the question with a Columbia University scientist, Professor W. D. Turner of the Department of Chemical Engineering, who had been invited to Bermuda to give professional advice on the reclamation of marsh land. Professor Turner's opinion coincided with that of the Atlanta engineers, and he pointed out a locality in Devonshire Marsh where he was convinced that water could be obtained from a system of horizontal wells. Thereupon Mr. Watlington began the experiment at his own expense, and it was soon proved that a large supply of rain water percolated through channels in the porous rock of the hills; that it was held in suspension by the tide water seeping up from beneath; and that it was possible to impound the layer of fresh water without including the salt water.

The site of the Watlington water system is Devonshire Marsh, which is surrounded by rolling hills and thus affords an excellent drainage area. The system operates in this manner: In a trench above sea water level lies a pipe line with open joints to intercept the rain water that passes through the underground channels in the hill above. From the pipe the water flows into a

cement well or collecting basin where it is filtered, softened, and then pumped to a reservoir at Pymwood, whence it is distributed through mains to the city of Hamilton a few miles away, and to Paget and Warwick Parishes.

The system went into commercial operation in February, 1932, and was pronounced an engineering success, the water being of good quality. In January, 1933, Mr. Watlington received the honour of knighthood for his many public services. As the Moses who smote the rock and brought forth water abundantly, Sir Henry Watlington will long be remembered in Bermuda, for he solved a pressing problem in the face of many discouragements and never lost faith.

Those who take up residence in Bermuda, assuming that they have children, are naturally concerned with the colony's educational facilities. Education is compulsory and separate schools for white and coloured pupils are maintained, some receiving grants of money from the Treasury while in the case of others the grant is made to the teachers. Several secondary schools for boys and girls are available, and in certain schools pupils are prepared for the Cambridge Local Examinations, a centre for which was established in Bermuda in 1891. In recent years the general level of education has been raised. One annual

scholarship is awarded to Bermuda under the trust established by the will of Cecil John Rhodes and by act of the local Parliament provision is made to assist and encourage boys educated in Bermuda to pursue their studies abroad for the purpose of preparing to compete for Rhodes scholarships. A number of young Bermudians enroll in English, Canadian and American schools and colleges every year, some of them taking advantage of technical education scholarships established by the government.

Bermuda's favorable geographical position with relation to Atlantic trade routes is an important asset. The islands lie nearly on the Great Circle route from Europe to the Gulf of Mexico, while the routes from the north of Europe and from Mediterranean ports to the Panama Canal are between 400 and 500 miles south of Bermuda. Thus the islands are readily accessible to steamers on these routes, in the event that they need coal, fuel oil, or repairs.

It is highly probable that Bermuda will become an important port of call when transatlantic air mail routes are established. Meteorologists and aviation authorities, among them Dr. James H. Kimball of the United States Weather Bureau at New York, maker of maps for Lindbergh and other ocean fliers, have expressed the conviction

that the Southern air route from America to Europe, namely, the route via Bermuda and the Azores, is the logical one for reliable service, inasmuch as it affords the maximum of good flying weather. The days of North Atlantic air mail lines, with sturdy, high-powered seaplanes, are not far distant; if the predictions hold, Bermuda as a haven for flying craft will enter a new phase of development.

CHAPTER XVII

A CENTRE OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

ONE significant aspect of the Bermuda scene is often overlooked: the relation of the islands to scientific research. Yet, long before the tourist discovered the charms of Bermuda, the man of science had found there a rich and profitable field of labour. The record of his work is preserved in a formidable library of books and journals, a library that grows constantly in interest and importance. Many of the earlier scientists who visited Bermuda were independent investigators; today scientific research is organised on a permanent foundation, and the islands are recognised territory for students and scholars with varied objectives, particularly those that lie in the illimitable field of biology.

Bermuda owes a firm debt to such men as J. Matthew Jones and G. Brown Goode, who covered the natural history of the islands; to J. L. Hurdis and Captain Savile G. Reid, who studied the birds; and to the staff of the Challenger Expedition, which visited Bermuda twice in 1873, made off-shore soundings, and blazed a classic trail in oceanography. On the roll, too, are the names

of Alexander Agassiz (Harvard), who studied the coral reefs; Angelo Heilprin (University of Pennsylvania), Addison E. Verrill (Yale), author of "The Bermuda Islands," a striking example of indefatigable research; Edward L. Mark (Harvard) and Charles L. Bristol (New York University), both pioneers in the effort to establish the Bermuda Biological Station for Research; and Nathaniel Lord Britton, for many years director of the New York Botanical Gardens, whose "Flora of Bermuda" leaves little more to be said about the botany of the islands. The list might be extended at length, but the present roster is sufficient to show the appeal which Bermuda makes to the scientific mind.

The advantages of Bermuda for biological and oceanographic studies are admirably set forth by Professor Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton University, President of the Board of Trustees of the Bermuda Biological Station for Research, in an article published in the June (1931) issue of *The Scientific Monthly*. Professor Conklin points out that, although the present land area is about twenty square miles, there is evidence that it was formerly much larger, covering about three hundred square miles. He goes on to say:

"The entire Bermuda area is really the summit of a submerged mountain which rises steeply from

the ocean floor of the North Atlantic. On all sides it slopes down more or less precipitously to depths of two miles or more. The core of this mountain is of volcanic origin, the summit is capped by aeolian limestone, and coral reefs surround most of the islands, leaving only a few ship channels into the inner lagoons and harbours.

“The advantages of such a site for an oceanic station will be at once apparent. It is possible to live and work comfortably there in a modern laboratory on land and within a few minutes, in relatively small boats and at slight expense, to reach waters of abyssal depths. Only those who have experienced the difficulties and hardships of trying to do delicate scientific work on shipboard, or who have some knowledge of the time and expense involved in voyages for the exploration of the deep sea, are in a position fully to appreciate the advantages of having that sea brought right to the doors of the laboratory. Johannes Schmidt, who has traced European and American eels back to their breeding places in the ocean depths south of Bermuda, has said that ‘Bermuda is like a research ship anchored in mid ocean,’ but with this significant difference—that it is a ship of great size and stability where one can live and work in comfort every month in the year in a laboratory with all modern facilities.

“The greatest area of the earth still relatively unexplored is found in the deep oceans; here occur some of the most extraordinary animals that have ever been seen — animals that live in absolute darkness except for their own luminescence, in ice-cold water, under enormous pressure and in the total absence of green plants. How are they adapted to these unusual conditions? How do they obtain food and oxygen. How do they reproduce, develop and evolve in this strangest of all worlds? Dr. Beebe’s studies in Bermuda have demonstrated the wealth of deep-sea life that is there available and the relative ease with which it can be obtained.

“Few places in the world are so suitable for the study of the deep sea, and the same is true with respect to the various life zones of the ocean from the floating plants and animals at the surface to the actual bottom. Bermuda lies within that great area of the Atlantic partially surrounded by the Equatorial Current and the Gulf Stream, and by means of these currents and the prevailing winds a wealth of floating life is drifted to its shores. Its land area is so small and it is so completely isolated from the nearest continent that one finds there almost ideal conditions for oceanic research.

“In addition to these biological advantages

Bermuda offers excellent opportunities for the study of the physics and chemistry of the ocean, the salinity, oxygen content and temperatures of deep-sea waters, the surface currents, bottom drift and upwelling of the deeper waters, and the relation of all these to the life of these waters."

The focus of scientific work in Bermuda is the Biological Station, which is splendidly housed at Shore Hills, St. George's west, and is but a short distance from excellent collecting grounds. The station, now international in scope, had a modest beginning but a steady growth. It was established in 1903 at the Flatts under the joint auspices of Harvard University and New York University, with Professor Edward L. Mark as director, and Professor Charles L. Bristol as associate director. Three years later a site was purchased at the Flatts by the colony for a public aquarium and a biological station, but the condition of the public finances did not permit building operations. Thereupon the Bermuda Natural History Society, which had been active in promoting the undertaking, leased Agar's Island, in the Great Sound, from the War Department and converted an old powder magazine into an aquarium. Inasmuch as the agreement between the two universities had been abrogated, the society invited Professor Mark, as the representa-

tive of Harvard, to move the station to the island. There its activities, in which an increasing number of scientists took part, were carried on until 1917, the third year of the Great War, when the islands reverted to military purposes, being used as a supply station for the United States Navy. Dyer's Island now became the home of the Biological Station, but after the war it returned to Agar's Island, which was leased by Harvard University. The aquarium was discontinued.

In 1925 a movement was begun to reorganize the station on a broader basis. The first step was to enlist the cooperation of biologists in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada for the purpose of forming a corporation which would give an international character to the station. Support was forthcoming, the corporation was organized, and a charter obtained from the State of New York. The next step concerned the choice of a site for the permanent home of the Biological Station. It was impossible to use the Flatts site because the Colonial Government had begun the construction of its aquarium there and the area was too small to accommodate two institutions. Finally, the Hunter tract at St. George's was selected, the Colonial Government agreeing to purchase this property and to make a grant of £200 a year to the station for ten years, on con-

dition that an endowment fund of £50,000 be raised.

Meanwhile a committee on oceanography appointed by the National Academy of Sciences of the United States was preparing a report dealing with the extension of this branch of science. The committee favored the establishment of an oceanographic institution on the Atlantic seaboard, to be "supplemented by two branch stations, one sub-arctic and the other truly oceanic in location. The latter location would be served admirably by the Bermuda Biological Station for Research, Inc." With the approval of the report in November, 1929, the Rockefeller Foundation made a grant of £50,000 to the station, and the Bermuda Government carried out its end of the bargain, purchasing the Hunter tract for £5,500 and conveying it to the trustees of the station. Before building operations were undertaken the trustees found it possible to purchase the hotel property known as Shore Hills; this was accomplished with the consent of the Government, which generously agreed to appropriate £5,500 toward the purchase price and to permit the trustees to reconvey the Hunter tract.

Such in brief is the history of the Biological Station which, as a corporate body, formally opened its laboratory at Shore Hills on January 6, 1932,

with Dr. J. F. G. Wheeler, a British biologist and zoologist, as resident director, and an era of wider usefulness before it. One significant feature is the international character of the corporation controlling the station, no less than ten countries being represented in the membership of this body when the enlarged institution was inaugurated. Three names are indelibly written into the records of the Biological Station — those of Professor Mark, Professor Bristol, who did not live to see the fruitful results of the task to which he devoted so much time and effort; and F. Goodwin Gosling who, as a leading spirit in the Bermuda Natural History Society, gave the enterprise firm support from its very beginning.

In Professor Conklin's article, previously quoted, mention is made of the work of Dr. William Beebe, who has devoted himself largely to studies of the strange and varied life in the deeps off Bermuda. Dr. Beebe, as director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, led a party of scientists to Bermuda in 1929 and took up residence at Nonsuch Island on the southern edge of Castle Harbour. Five miles off shore, Dr. Beebe plotted a circular area of investigation about eight miles in diameter and from half a mile to a mile in depth. Here for three summers he engaged in



CORALS AND ANEMONES AT THE BERMUDA AQUARIUM.

deep-sea collecting, using a tugboat to tow very slowly two miles of weighted wire on which were strung several nets that reached varying depths. At the end of each towing period the haul was taken to the Nonsuch laboratory, where individual specimens were identified, studied and dissected; some being preserved and others handed over to artists who made a pictorial record in colours of the most remarkable creatures.

The deeps that Dr. Beebe explored with his townets are a world of intense cold and absolute darkness, where the water exerts a pressure of a ton on each square inch. It is a world without the vegetable life which floats in that zone penetrated by sunlight, yet it is the home of myriads of fishes which exist, so it seems, merely to devour one another. Many of these fishes create their own cold light, thus defying the darkness. Some have luminous patches on their bodies; others carry light organs which look for all the world like the portholes of a ship; still others are equipped with telescopic eyes, searchlights, and long feelers; not a few are armed with formidable teeth, grim necessities for a life that is fierce and uncompromising.

Although the townets brought him much biological treasure, Dr. Beebe was attracted by the possibility of actually invading this baffling world,

hitherto plumbed only by a weighted wire. His opportunity came in 1930 when, with Otis Barton, he descended 1426 feet, or more than a quarter of a mile, locked in a large steel cylinder or bathysphere, the invention of Mr. Barton and Captain John Butler. The bathysphere, built to withstand severe pressure and fitted with a heavy door, fused quartz windows, oxygen apparatus, electric light, fan, thermometer, and chemicals for absorbing the carbon dioxide, was lowered slowly by a steel cable from a barge, passing through the zones of sunlight and twilight into the Stygian blackness of the deeps. Before the windows flitted many of the organisms made familiar by the nets; in the dark zone the luminous fishes appeared to be identified and recorded. Thus the explorers, while reaching an ocean depth never before attained by man, had the satisfaction of proving that the hazards of the unknown submarine area could be overcome. Commenting later on his unique voyage, Dr. Beebe said:

“The importance of the whole adventure may be summed up in a single sentence: The margin of safety, as we have demonstrated, makes future research in this direction possible and reasonable; and the scientific results have proved to be greater, both in sheer number and accuracy of facts, and in philosophical values, than our utmost hopes had

led us to believe possible."

Again, in September, 1932, the two explorers gave their bathysphere a more severe test, reaching a depth of 2,200 feet, or nearly half a mile. At 1,700 feet their spectroscope failed to register even a glimmer of light; the darkness was absolute. Many deep sea organisms were observed and identified; fishes, six feet long and carrying lights, passed by the windows. A popular feature of this descent was the radio broadcast, Dr. Beebe telephoning his observations to the deck of the barge, whence they were put on the air waves. Later, other dives were made with profitable results.

Let us turn now to the Bermuda Aquarium, which was opened in 1928 and immediately took rank among the aquariums of the world. Its importance lies not in size but in the richness and variety of its floral and faunal exhibits, all taken from Bermuda waters. In a very definite sense the attractions of the Aquarium can be credited to one man, Louis L. Mowbray, a Bermudian with wide experience in the science of ichthyology. With his knowledge of local conditions, plus years of work as a collector in tropical and temperate waters, and a high artistic sense, Mr. Mowbray was able to endow each tank with an environment so natural that fishes and other marine animals find themselves thoroughly at home and actually

reproduce their species in captivity. In reality the tanks are cross-sections of Bermuda's sea gardens separated from the visitor only by a pane of glass. Here is the panorama of life among the coral reefs; here one may study the breeding habits of fish, watch day by day the growth of corals, sponges and gloriously coloured anemones, and observe the slow process of reef-building.

The purely scientific aspects of the Aquarium's work are still to be developed. It is obvious, however, that this institution must in time become a centre for the observation of marine life. There are more than four hundred species of fish in Bermuda waters, but there is evidence that some of the more important edible fishes have been considerably reduced in number, possibly by unregulated fishing during the spawning season. Efforts to introduce new species of fish for food purposes have met with some success, but the real task of conservation has not begun. What other countries have done in this field Bermuda can do, and it is reasonable to assume that a persistent programme of research into the breeding habits of native fish would eventually yield knowledge which could be applied for the benefit of the fisherman and the consumer of seafood.

In 1932 Dr. Charles H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, brought to Bermuda

several hundred northern fish for release in local waters, bartering his cargo for a consignment of native fishes. The incident recalls the fact that when the New York Aquarium decided years ago to exhibit tropical fish it turned to Bermuda for its source of supply. Professor Bristol inaugurated the work, collecting the specimens, "seasoning" them in the tanks of the old aquarium at Agar's Island in order to accustom the fish to captivity, and shipping them north in iron tanks, the water in which was aerated and kept at the same temperature as Bermuda water. Between six and seven hundred fish were sent to New York every summer until the Aquarium found it more desirable to obtain its supply in Florida.

It was neither Dr. Townsend nor Professor Bristol who first introduced Bermuda fishes to the New York public. That honour goes to the redoubtable Phineas T. Barnum. Ever on the alert for new thrills and exotic exhibits, Mr. Barnum conceived the idea of showing to New Yorkers rare and highly coloured fishes from tropical waters, and he sent out two expeditions — one to Honduras, the other to Bermuda. Both returned without their fish, all having died in transit. Barnum was disappointed but was persuaded by one of his assistants, W. E. Damon, to fit out the well-smack *Pacific*, which sailed to Ber-

muda in the summer of 1862. Northerners and Southerners were then engaged in settling their differences on the battlefield, and in Bermuda, a centre of blockade running to Confederate ports. Northerners were regarded with suspicion. Soon it was rumoured that Mr. Damon, in his frequent trips across the bays and harbours, was taking soundings, not fish. Finally, a peremptory order from the authorities halted his work, and not until the American consul intervened in his behalf was Mr. Damon permitted to resume his harmless occupation. His party caught six hundred fish, most of which were successfully landed in New York, to the greater glory and profit of Barnum, and the pleasure of his patrons at the Ann Street Museum. Barnum was, of course, actuated by no scientific motive; nevertheless, he demonstrated that tropical fish could be transported overseas and, under proper conditions, would live a certain length of time in captivity. Who will say, therefore, that the master showman's enterprise did not have some scientific value?

Another Bermuda scientific institution, the Meteorological Station at Fort George, St. George's, was opened in 1932, with Lieutenant-Commander H. B. Moorhead as director. The station, adequately equipped with modern apparatus, has more than local significance, for the

outlying situation of Bermuda — a link in the Atlantic between the temperate and the tropical zones — makes the study of meteorological conditions there of high importance to shipmasters and aviators, and to other countries. Weather scientists are increasingly interested in the higher atmosphere, and it is believed that, occasionally at least, tropical storms far to the south or east of Bermuda reveal themselves in the upper levels. Hence much can be learned at the station by an intensified survey of the clouds — their type, quantity and movement. An accumulation of data along these lines will be of untold value to air pilots flying the southern transatlantic route between Bermuda and the Azores. Records of diurnal cloud developments will also assist both air and marine navigators; landfalls are frequently made at the Azores by observation of cloud effects over that area. Another field of study concerns the upper air temperatures with relation to the masses of cold air which flow from the north over Bermuda into the hurricane-breeding areas further south. These cold air masses are distinguishable in unusual cloud types, in their changes of form, and in the direction of drift, and they have a direct bearing on the genesis of tropical storms.

The Bermuda Station has established firm rela-

tions with the weather services of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. It is in a position to supply much meteorological information for international broadcasts, particularly radio reports from the quadrant south-east of the islands. Locally, apart from the ordinary weather service, the Meteorological Station cooperates with the Biological Station, furnishing forecasts for those engaged in oceanic work in exchange for records of ocean currents and temperatures, which are important in meteorological studies.

All of this scientific activity must stir the spirit of an old naturalist who in the last century lived on the Hunter tract, not far from the Biological Station. His name was John Tavenier Bartram, private of the Thirtieth Regiment, honourably discharged from the service of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Bartram was a man of little education, but an enthusiastic and patient observer. For fifty years he tilled the soil, collected and catalogued shells and corals, stuffed birds, stocked his own museum, engaged in geological studies, and gathered such a store of experience and knowledge that, when the Challenger Expedition visited Bermuda, he was invited to join that distinguished company of scientists. Little did Bartram realize, as he humbly pursued his hobby, that Bermuda would one day become a centre of scientific research.

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